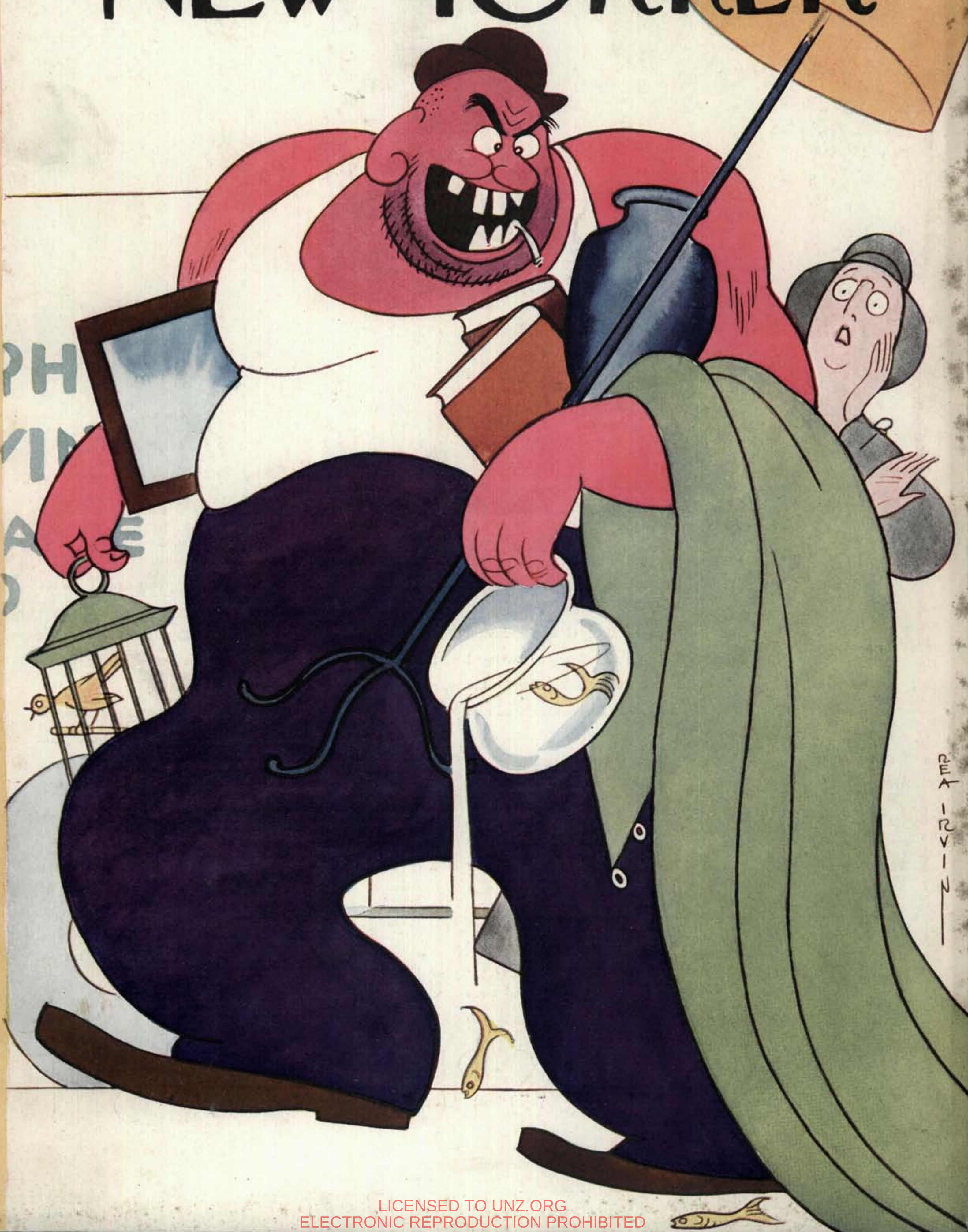
* Sept. 26, 1931

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents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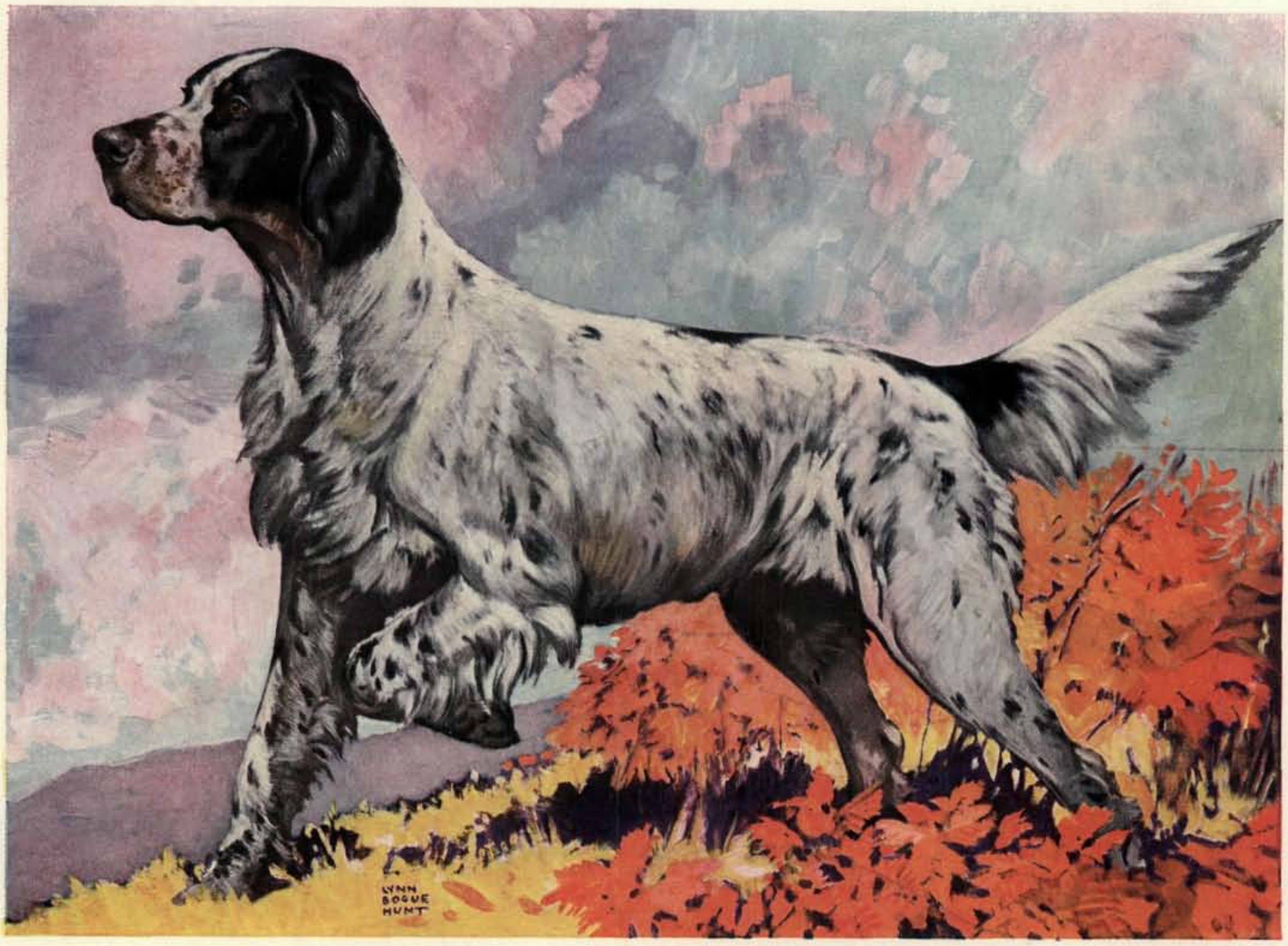


A reproduction of this painting, in full color, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Dept. Y, Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan

It's blue blood that wins blue ribbons

Champions are not champions through training alone. Leadership requires more than the will to accomplish. Skill may be developed —strength and speed increased—but *natural* ability remains the deciding requisite. When all is said and done, it's blue blood that wins blue ribbons.

True of dogs and of horses—true of men—and true of the triumphs men achieve with mind and hand.

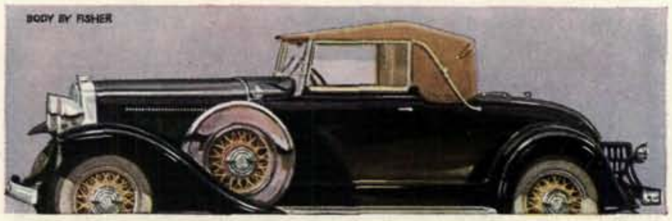
A large part of Buick's success in building fine motor cars can be traced to the natural ability among Buick craftsmen. Years of training as an organization have given direction to originality and genius, of course, but it is the innate caliber of the men themselves that you find reflected in Buick cars.

That, we feel, is why Buick leadership has become so outstanding—why three people buy Buick Straight Eights for every one who chooses the second most popular eight. More and more each year, the American public recognizes in this car of swift pace and distinguished bearing, the extra quality that comes of inborn talent applied at the drafting board, in the laboratory, on the proving ground and at the factory.

And how much this extra quality means in genuine satisfaction is clearly revealed by Buick owners. For 89 out of every 100 Buick owners buy Buicks again and again.

The new Buick Straight Eights in four series and four price ranges are offered in 22 luxurious models . . . $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Mich. ↑ ↑ ↑ Convenient terms can be arranged on the liberal G.M.A.C. time payment plan.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THE EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT

IN THE

FUR SALON

Sables and ermine—prized by royalty for centuries—are used in this opera wrap by Altman.

The ermine skins are tinted a pale golden colour that blends beautifully with the shading of the sables.

One of a superb collection of fine furs featured in the

FUR SALON—THIRD FLOOR

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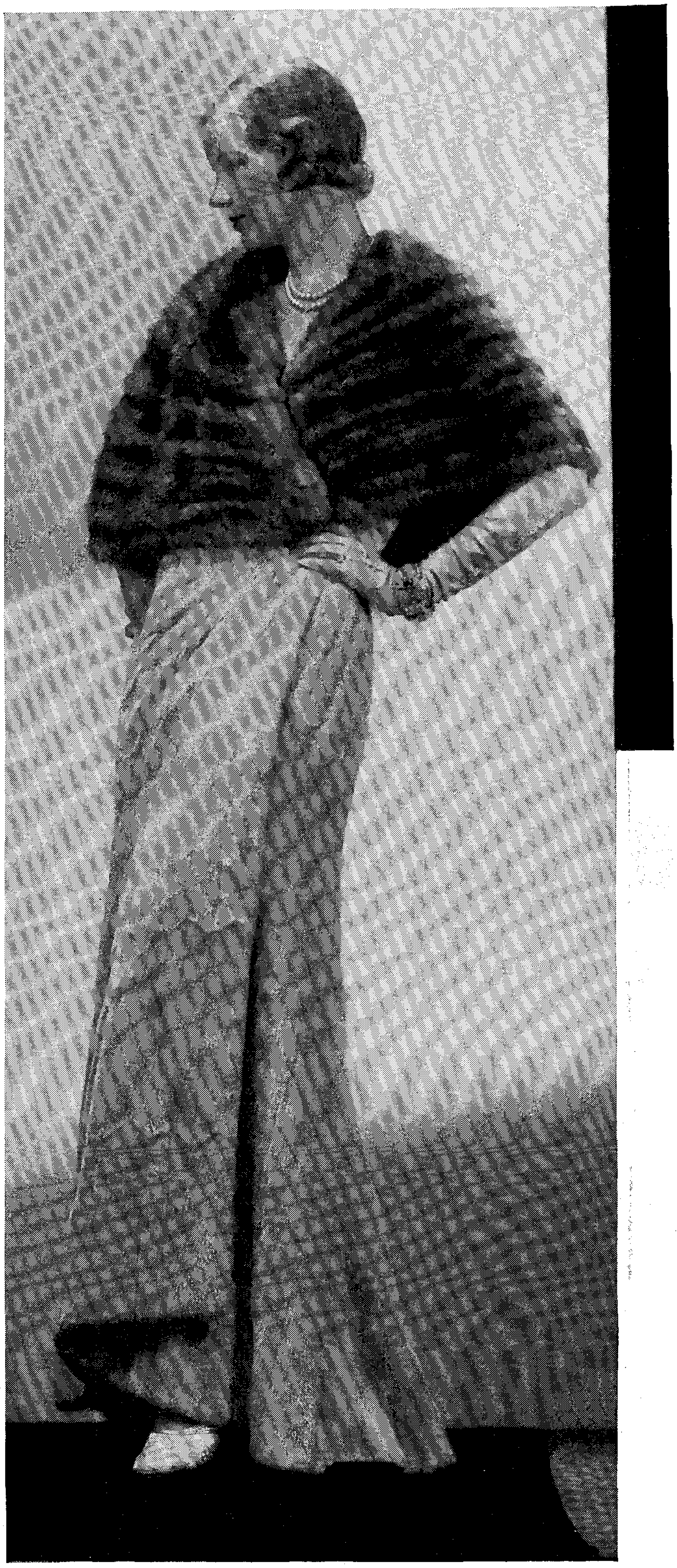
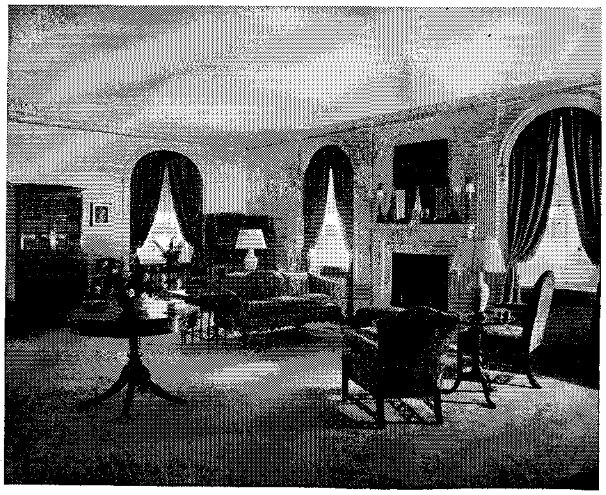
FIFTH AVE. at 34th ST., NEW YORK

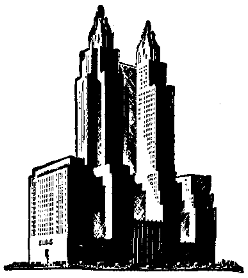




Living room executed in English taste by Arthur S. Vernay, Inc.

18th Century English living room by Barton, Price & Willson

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin executed this charming English living room



FINE LIVING

. . . *à la carte*

Now complete for pre-view . . . three specimen floors of private town-house apartments at The Waldorf-Astoria. Each apartment is a beautiful private home individually executed in period taste by a world-famous decorator. Privacy assured by foyer entrance, sound proofing and other modern innovations. Tower apartments have separate under-cover motor entrance, elevators, concierge bureau. Your own domestics, if you wish; privately-served meals; every facility for entertaining. All, *à la carte:* that is, as you please and when you please. A lease, if you prefer; or arrangement terminable at will. Opening October 1, 1931. Rentals in scale with modern thrift ideas. Park to Lexington . . . 49th to 50th. Information office corner Park and 50th, ELdorado 5-3000.

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VII, No. 32, September 26, 1931. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

"It's a LORD & TAYLOR *Year*"

. . . they're all saying

Stores are somewhat like fashions. They have their big moments. After moving along soundly, progressively and successfully for some 106 years, Lord & Taylor has come very much into its own • This was inevitable. For the kind of style-leadership, and quality-standards that *are* Lord & Taylor are bound to prove themselves. • Here we find ourselves in a troubled business year in the soundest position ever. In addition to our own staunch customers, thousands of others who are confused about price hysteria have sought us out as a refuge of quality and reliability. • We might be concerned about this were we not prepared. But, aside from our regular, spacious departments, we have been inspired to open these five new shops:

A YOUNG NEW YORKERS' SHOP = *full of bright new things for junior misses*
AN ACCESSORY ENSEMBLE SHOP = *of fashionable gadgets, on the Street Floor*
A NEW BRIDAL SHOP = *offering a complete trousseau service*
A NEW LITTLE SALON = *of highly individual frocks for Misses*
AN EXPANDED SHOE SHOP = *with increased stocks, on the 6th Floor*

Each of them, at the moment, has its quota of our Paris collection, one of the largest and best in town. But remember, you are right in expecting low prices, especially at Lord & Taylor, but keep your weather eye open for quality, for

Discretion is the better part of VALUE . . . !

Lord & Taylor
FIFTH AVENUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

44th ST
B'WAY
44th ST

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—Katharine Cornell and those lovely Victorian costumes in a drama of the old triangle: Elizabeth Barrett, Robert Browning, and the misunderstanding father. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CLOUDY WITH SHOWERS—A new last act may have made this farce about how Sex came to the Professor a great deal better than it was. Even with a bad last act, it was funny enough to recommend tentatively. Thomas Mitchell wrote part of it and acts in all of it. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

GRAND HOTEL—Thirty-six hours in the very full lives of eight or ten hotel guests, making one of the most interesting evenings in town. An excellent cast includes Eugénie Leontovich, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, Sam Jaffe, and Albert Van Dekker. (National, 41, W.)

WITH MUSIC

THE BAND WAGON—Generally considered the prize exhibition of the year, what with Fred and Adele Astaire, Frank Morgan, Tilly Losch, Helen Broderick, and everything else. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

CIVIC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"The Chocolate Soldier," with Charles Purcell, Vivienne Segal, and Vivian Hart, will be presented through Sat. Eve., Oct. 3. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

FAST AND FURIOUS—A colored revue with several numbers very much above the average. The only one in town, if it lasts. (New Yorker, 54, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—A good all-around show, nothing extra, but certainly nothing bad. Ethel Merman, Willie and Eugene Howard, Everett Marshall, Rudy Vallée, and Ray Bolger. (Apollo, 42, W.)

SHOOT THE WORKS!—A sprawling show that has some things worth seeing. Sponsored by the inexpert but valiant Mr. Broun. (Cohan, B'way at 43. 8:50 P.M.)

THIRD LITTLE SHOW—Beatrice Lillie fans will have more to delight them here than they have had since the first Charlot revue. In addition there are Ernest Truex, Carl Randall, and Walter O'Keefe. Only two days more. (Music Box, 45, W. Closes Sat., Sept. 26.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, AND EASTERN STANDARD AFTER THAT DATE.]

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1931—Aside from the music, this is one of Mr. Ziegfeld's best, which, even in these days of super-revues, is saying a lot. With Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Jack Pearl, Ruth Etting, and Hal LeRoy. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—The bill at the Palace is headed by Edward G. Robinson. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify the dates.)

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY—A play by Paul Green, with Franchot Tone and Morris Carnovsky. Opens Mon., Sept. 28. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS—A play by Vincent Lawrence, with William Harrigan and Joanna Roos. Opens Tues., Sept. 29. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

THE GOOD COMPANIONS—A dramatization of the J. B. Priestley novel by the author and Edward Knoblock. Opens Thurs., Oct. 1. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE BREADWINNER—A play by Somerset Maugham, with A. E. Matthews, Marie Lohr, and Eric Cowley. (Booth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

HE—The Theatre Guild's first production of the season. Alfred Savoir's satirical comedy, adapted by Chester Erskin, with Tom Powers, Claude Rains, Violet Kemble Cooper, Eugene Powers, and others. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

PAYMENT DEFERRED—Gilbert Miller's production of a play by J. E. F. Dell, with Charles Laughton and the London company. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Songs by Morton Downey, dances by Veloz and Yolanda, and music by Eddy Duchin's orchestra.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the dancing of Rosita and Ramon, and the singing of Frances Maddux. Emil Coleman music.*

HOTEL PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Supper dancing in the Georgian Room. Music by the Continentals. Must dress.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—A magnificent view, with music by Vincent Lopez' orchestra. Must dress.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—With noisy, rough, but fairly entertaining revues, and no cover charge: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572); and Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), will reopen Wed., Sept. 30. . . . With that certain touch, and not

(Continued on page 6)

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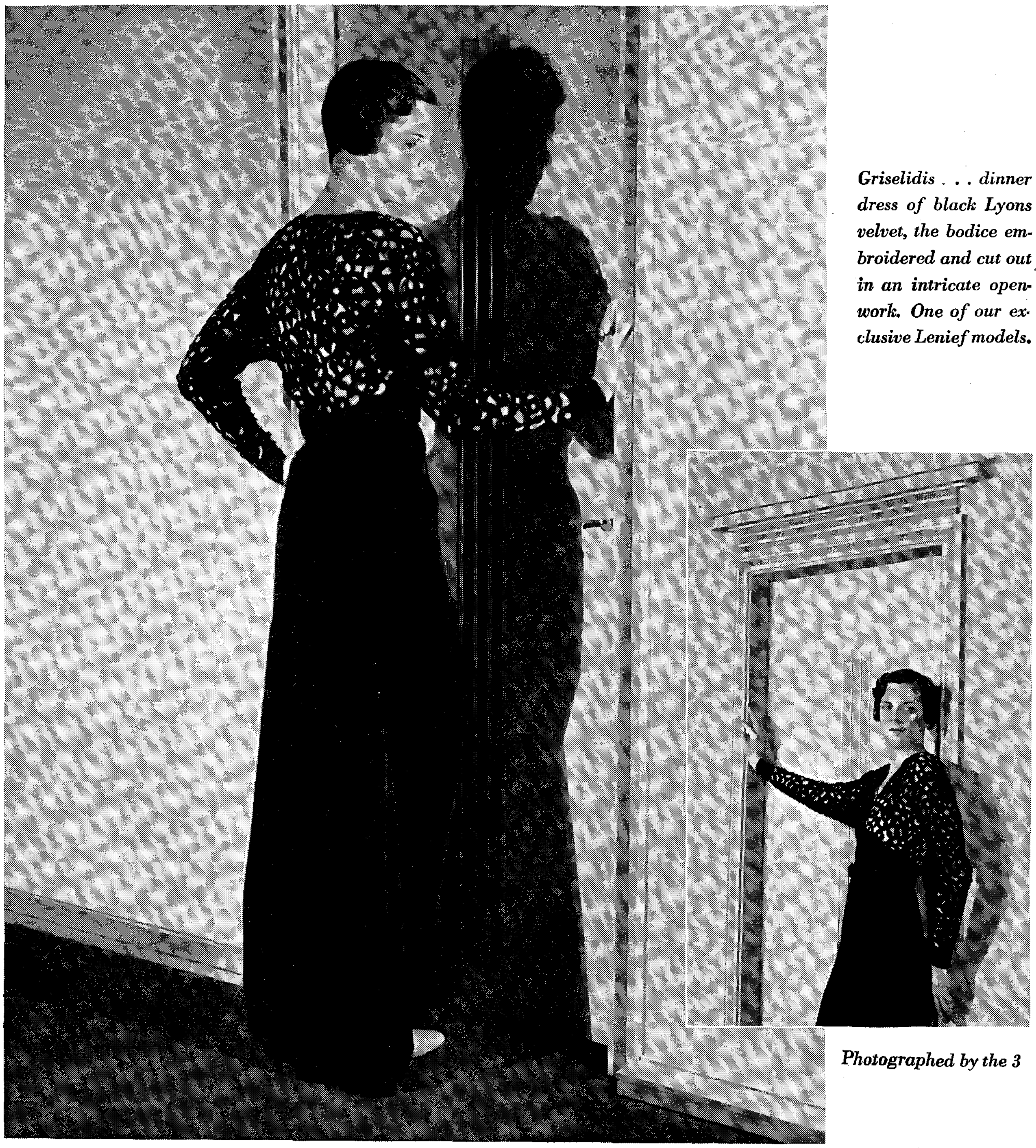
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200



Griselidis . . . dinner dress of black Lyons velvet, the bodice embroidered and cut out in an intricate openwork. One of our exclusive Lenief models.

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Exclusive Models . . . *by Lenief, Rue St. Honoré*

". . we formally agree to destroy the working patterns of these models which will be sold to no one else in France, in America or elsewhere, thus assuring you of their unique exclusiveness . . " LENIEF.

L. P. HOLLANDER CO.

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(Continued from page 4)

very expensive: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Village Barn, 52 W. 8. . . . For Spanish atmosphere: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians reopen in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 1.* . . . Rudy Vallée and his orchestra play in the Pennsylvania Grill, 7 Ave. at 33.

MOTION PICTURES

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—Sometimes fine, sometimes disappointing, this film of the Dreiser novel should not be missed. (Paramount, B'way at 43; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE BLUE ANGEL—One-day revival. Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich in a fine and tragic picture. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Mon., Sept. 28 only; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

THE GUARDSMAN—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt excel in their welcome screen comedy. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; Sun. 3, 6, and 8:50 P.M.)

KARAMAZOV—A German study of the Dostoevski paranoiacs, which depressed intellectuals will relish. (Tobis-Vanderbilt, 48, E. of B'way; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

RANGO—The wild animals of Sumatra photographed by Ernest Schoedsack. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 25-27; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT—Chevalier, still in good humor, with Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert, all under the pilotage of Ernst Lubitsch. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 26-29; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE STAR WITNESS—What happens to good respectable people when they get in the way of big gangsters. A crude but exciting melodrama. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 26-28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Intelligent and sympathetic adaptation of Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize play. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

NEWSREEL THEATRES—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. Programs change Sat. Morn. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight; Sun. from noon. Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; and Trans-Lux, B'way between 49 and 50, entrance on the left; continuous from 11 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Bad Girl," a sentimental, moving, and honest story of the young people of the New York tenements; "The Dreyfus Case," a slightly heavy but honest and impressive rendering of the *cause célèbre* of the nineties; "Le Million," good old-fashioned laughs in the most modern of French burlesques; "Zwei Herzen im 3-4 Takt," a Viennese operetta, choice and pretty and nice, in German.

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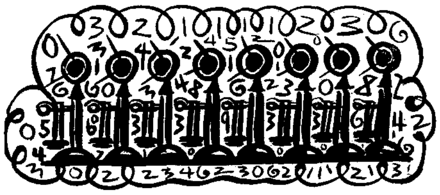
Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

PALMY DAYS—The new Eddie Cantor picture. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9 A.M.)

ART

AMERICANS—An early-season show of young painters; Wiltz, Mangravite, etc.: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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ARMOR—Loan exhibition of arms and armor: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Sept. 27 only.

BEGINNERS—Some of the good painters who have no permanent gallery, De Pauw leading the lot: 8th floor, Macy's, B'way at 34. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

COLLEGE ART ASSOCIATION—Seventy-odd paintings of the *école de Paris*: Wildenstein, 647 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Mon., Sept. 28 only. . . . Contemporary French Prints: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave.; Contemporary American Prints: Weyhe, 794 Lexington; Etchings and Dry-points of Four Centuries: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 26 only.

FRENCH—Braque, Picasso, Dufy, Derain, Lurçat, Segonzac, and others. A fine group for an opening show: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

KANE—American Primitive, with some beautiful canvases of the house-painter school: Contemporary Arts, 12 E. 10. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MIXED—Italian, Dutch, and French Primitives; also, Bali paintings by Maurice Sterne, and a fine group of contemporary French and American oils and drawings: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERN—The Museum of Modern Art's exhibition of the L. P. Bliss Collection—Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Seurat, Picasso, Renoir, Degas, and many other French. Also, works by Arthur B. Davies: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR

SOPHIE BRASLAU—Contralto soloist, with orchestra: Sun. Aft., Sept. 27, at 2:30, over WEAF.

RICHARD BONELLI—Baritone; Frederick Jagel, tenor; and Nannette Guilford, soprano; in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Sept. 27, at 9:15, over WEAF.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Piano soloist, with Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Barlow conducting: Sun. Eve., Sept. 27, at 10, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting: Wed. Eve., Sept. 30, at 10, over WJZ.

FOOTBALL—Army vs. Ohio Northern University, broadcast from West Point: Sat. Aft., Sept. 26, at 2:30, over WABC.

WORLD SERIES—Philadelphia Athletics vs. St. Louis Cardinals, broadcast from St. Louis: Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 1 and 2, at 2:15, over WEAF, WJZ, and WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Last games of season. At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri., Sept. 25, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 26, doubleheader, at 1:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sun., Sept. 27, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. Subway.)

BOXING—Jack Sharkey vs. Primo Carnera, heavyweights, 15 rounds: Ebbets Field, Sullivan St. near Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 1; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take B.M.T.-Brighton Line train to Prospect Pk. Sta.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Sept. 26, at 2:30 P.M.—Army vs. Ohio Northern University, West Point. . . . Columbia vs. Middlebury, Baker Field (3 P.M.). . . . N.Y.U. vs. Hobart, Ohio Field. . . . Fordham vs. Thiel, Fordham Field. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Seton Hall, Lewisohn Stadium.

Sat., Oct. 3, at 2:30 P.M.—Yale vs. Maine, New Haven. . . . Princeton vs. Amherst, Princeton. . . . Harvard vs. Bates, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Columbia vs. Union, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. West Virginia Wesleyan, Yankee Stadium. . . . Fordham vs. West Virginia University, Polo Grounds. . . . Army vs. Knox, West Point.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Ohio Field, University Ave. at 181: take East Side subway to 180 St. . . . Fordham Field: take 3 Ave. "L" to Fordham Rd. or N.Y.C. train to Fordham Sta. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for West Point, from W. 42 St. ferry, West Shore R.R. 1:01 P.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:15 P.M.; for Boston, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M.

HORSE SHOWS—Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, L. I., Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 1-3. . . . Montclair Horse Show, Prospect Ave., West Orange, N. J., Fri. and Sat., Oct. 2 and 3.

HUNT RACES—Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, on the estate of F. Ambrose Clark, Westbury, L.I., Sat. Aft., Sept. 26.

POLO—Waterbury Cup Final, International Field, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Sat. Aft., Sept. 26, at 4. (Special train leaves Penn. Sta. at 3 P.M.)

RACING—Aqueduct track: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Sat., Oct. 3. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

YACHTING—Races on Long Island Sound: Manhasset Bay Y.C., Port Washington, Sat. Aft., Sept. 26.

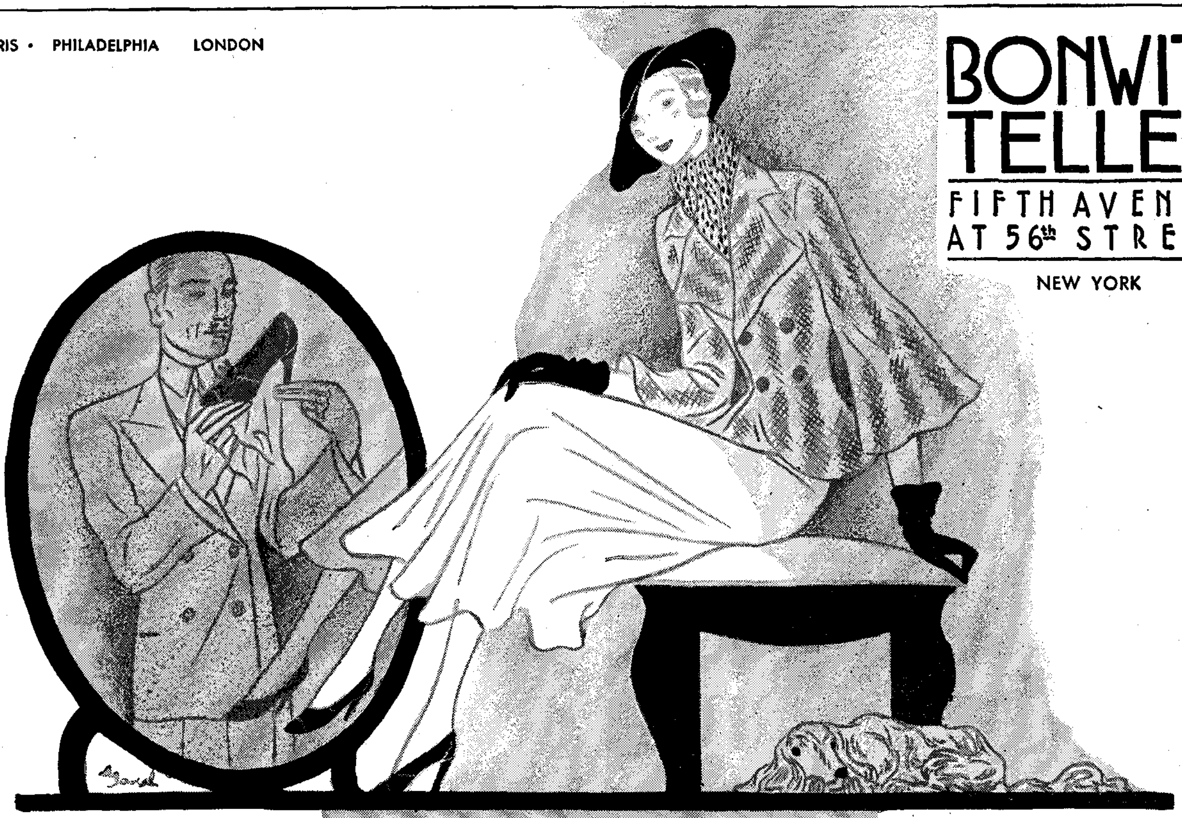
OTHER EVENTS

RADIO SHOW—Last two days of the Radio World's Fair: Madison Square Garden, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 25 and 26. Open 2 to 11 P.M.

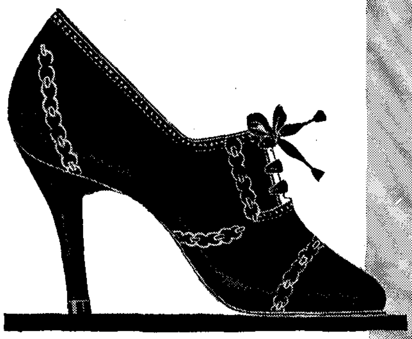
NOTES—Daylight Saving Time ends Sat. night, Sept. 26. Go to bed an hour later, but first set the hands of the clock one hour to the *left*. . . . The New Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49, will be open Thurs., Oct. 1.

PARIS • PHILADELPHIA LONDON

BONWIT
TELLER
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 56th STREET
NEW YORK

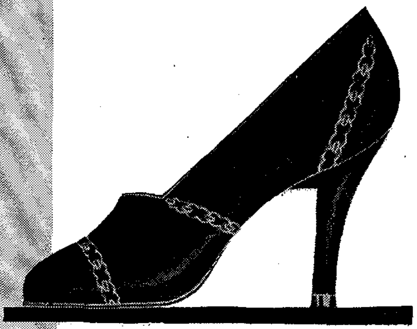


Bonwit Teller
Design More
Formal Shoes for
Daytime Clothes



OXFORD...In black or brown suede with gunmetal, beige, red, green or white trimming.

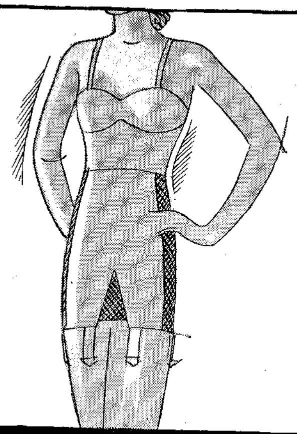
15.50



OPERA...In black or brown suede with beige, red or white trimming.

An oxford and an opera *(bench-made of course)* with an original "laced-on" trimming that makes them perfect complements to this season's afternoon costumes.

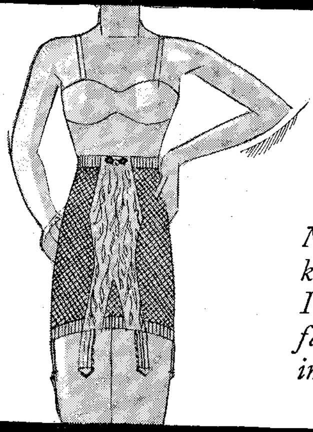
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



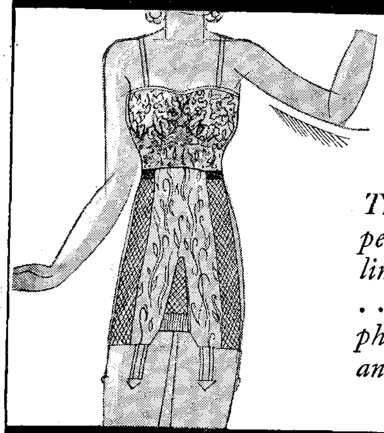
SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

49th to 50th Street

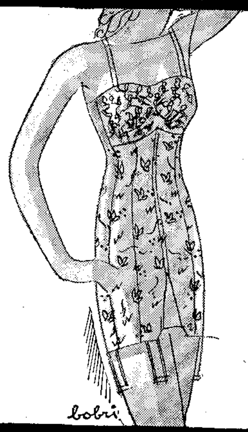
For slim little figures we suggest Mme. Irene's step-in of peach satin and hand-knitted elastic. *10.00*



Made of French hand-knitted elastic, this Mme. Irene corset with the fashion-front, has lacings at the side. *16.50*



The Duosette gives a perfect and continuous line to the larger figure . . . with stitched diaphragm reinforcement and lace brassiere. *19.50*



The evening Duosette with the low back, uplift brassiere of lace, and reinforced diaphragm. *15.00*

For the Perfect Fall Costume Begin With a Mme. Irene Corset

●

This is a season when the woman of fashion definitely depends upon the modern corset for help to achieve that slim-waisted new silhouette, with its higher and more marked waistline, its gentle but unmistakable curves. Mme. Irene, in her new Fall collection solves the problems for every type of figure and at prices in accordance with the good news that economy is now smart socially!

●

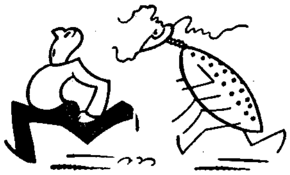
5.00 to 45.00

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

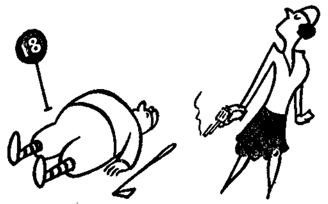
Notes and Comment

THERE is a possibility that the turmoil in which the whole world now finds itself may destroy us all and put an end to western civilization. If that should come to pass, it would disappoint us in one important respect: We have always dreamed that we might be destroyed, eventually, by insects. We have read, every month or so for years, an article predicting that Man would eventually be destroyed by insects. It got so we couldn't look a grasshopper in the face; yet we welcomed the idea as a fitting, if not an amusing, exit. Now it appears that the bugs will be too late: long before they overrun the earth, we will have been destroyed by simple economic disintegration, leaving, for the insects, the vast hoppers full of wheat that we were unable to distribute equitably among ourselves.



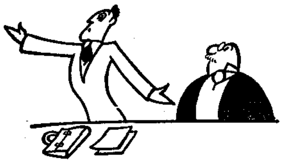
WE notice that the *Ladies' Home Journal* is running a story called "Out of Bounds" by Clarence Budington Kelland, while the *Red Book* is running a story called "Out of Bounds" by Arthur Somers Roche. For two stories to be appearing, both called "Out of Bounds," is wasteful, and confusing. Last week we began reading both stories with an idea that possibly the two plots could be combined into one big smashing yarn called "Out of Bounds" by Clarence Buders Roche. To our surprise we found that they can be combined very easily—with an enormous saving in authors' labor and readers' time.

The plot of the *Ladies' Home Journal's* "Out of Bounds" is this, as far as it has gone: A girl named Potter East, who likes golf, refuses to marry her suitor, Abner Seward, because Abner hates golf. Potter's old uncle turns up on Page 192 suspected of the murder of an unidentified man on the golf links. The installment ends on this note of suspicion.

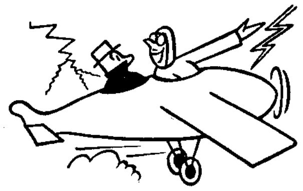


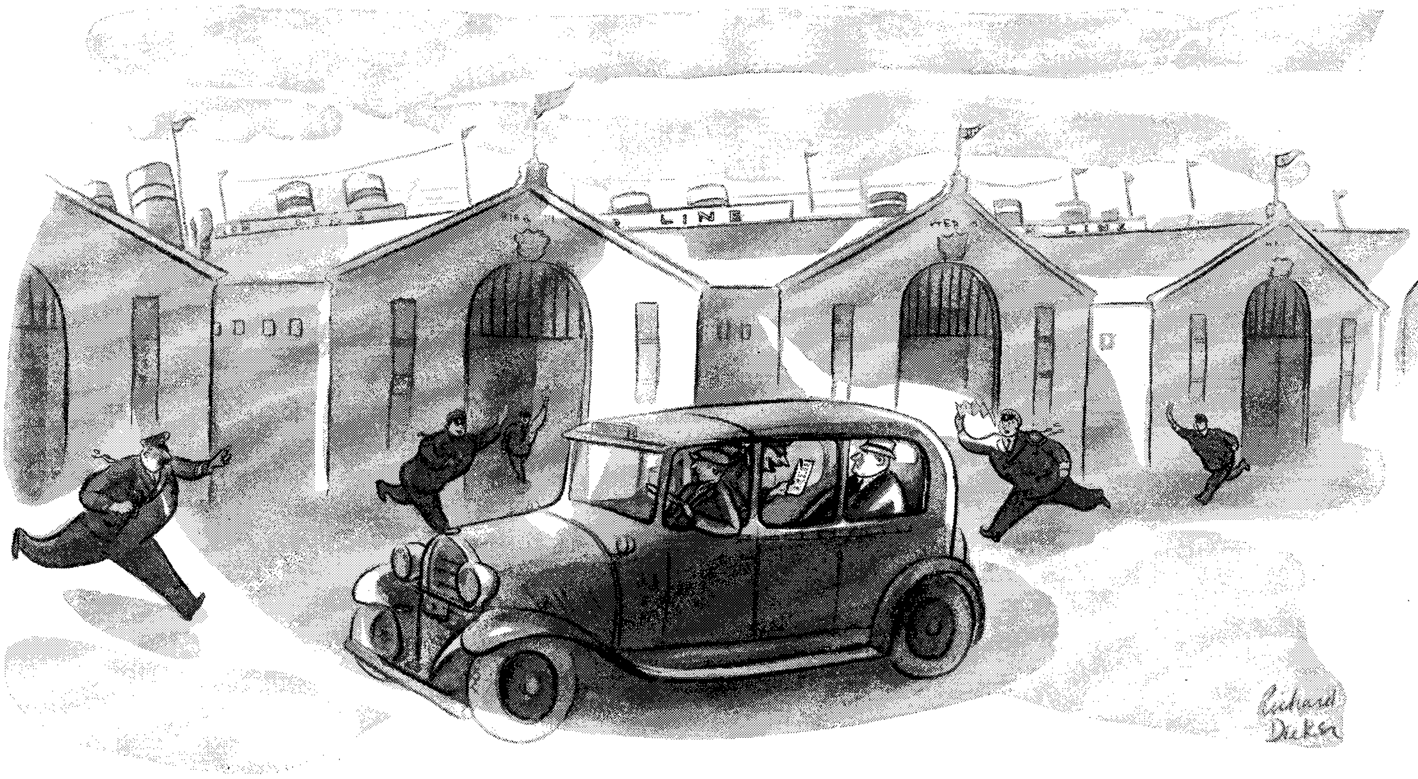
The plot of the *Red Book's* "Out of Bounds" is this: The heroine's name is Terry Tarpeton, and she is worth five million dollars. On her way to Coney Island she meets a young law clerk named Jack Redding, who tells her he is in love with a photograph. Terry sees that it is a picture of herself. So in order not to let the poor law clerk know that she is worth five million dollars, she rents a shabby little apartment in West Eleventh Street for only a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, where she sees Jack a couple of times and then gets engaged to another man—a Mr. Suthers.

All right, then, the problem is to get these people together so that they can be of some use to each other instead of just making each other miserable. It occurs to us that the ideal person to help Mr. Kelland's heroine's suspected uncle is Mr. Roche's poor law clerk. It would be a break for him to get a good case, and it would be a break for the uncle to get an honest lawyer. Furthermore, Mr. Kelland's Mr. Seward, who hates golf, would be just the man to sweep Mr. Roche's Miss Tarpeton off her feet. This would clear the boards for Jack Redding, who could devote his time to the law during the daytime and go home and go to bed at night, instead of wondering why Miss Tarpeton wasn't in her hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar place in West Eleventh Street. Incidentally, the real reason she isn't there (and this is the big kick) is because SHE murdered Mr. Kelland's heroine's uncle's alleged victim. Why did she? Because the son-of-a-gun was Out of Bounds!



ELSIE JANIS, we understand, wrote the last chapter of her autobiography in an airplane in a thunderstorm over the Alleghenies. This bit of literary adroitness reminds us that we, too, once flew through a thunderstorm over the Alleghenies, although not for purposes of autobiography. What we particularly remember about it was the way the storm affected our pilot. We were in a small two-seater, and before we had left Curtiss Field the Weather Bureau had predicted "Thunderstorms in the vicinity of Bellefonte, Pa." After an hour or so of flying, our pilot began shifting uneasily in his seat, and studying his map. Finally he remarked gloomily that he couldn't locate Bellefonte, where he wanted to land to take on gas. We flew some more, the pilot alternately studying his map and gazing at the ground below; and as we flew the sky darkened, black clouds banked themselves ahead, and streaks of lightning began to ripple down the hills. At the first sign of thunder our





"Weekend cruise, sir!"

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pilot brightened perceptibly. He turned to us with obvious satisfaction, pointed ahead, and shouted: "We're all right; there's our thunderstorm!"

Ice-Cold

THREE engines answered when an awning in West Thirteenth Street caught fire. They got there fast, but not fast enough. An Italian lemonade-vendor beat them by the length of a pushcart. He poured three glasses of lemonade on the awning and put out the fire. The firemen went back to their checkers; the apartment-house manager paid the Italian fifteen cents for the lemonade; all was well.

Carrying On

WE'RE not responsible for mentioning what goes on in Minneapolis, because it is too far away, but we happen to have picked up this item. At the cashier's cage of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa (in Minneapolis), a timid little old lady had been appearing regularly for years to pay the quarterly premiums on her husband's life-insurance policy. A few days ago she came in and told the cashier, in a small voice: "I'm afraid I can't make these payments any more."

"What's the matter?" she was asked.

"It's the hard times and all. There isn't as much work for me as there used to be, and my husband doesn't contribute anything any more—he's been dead for almost three years."

He had, too. They looked it up.

New Yorker

OUR recent piece about wooden Indians brought a letter from a San Franciscan who says that the oldest wooden Indian in California is a native of New York. He stands in front of a tobacco store in San Francisco and bears a sign giving notice that he was made in New York in 1837 and shipped around the Horn in 1850. The Indian spent seventy years on duty before a tobacco shop in the town of Marysville, California, and then, in 1920, was moved to San Francisco. He has a name—Chief Semloh. Any anagrams-player will see that "Semloh" is "Holmes" spelled backward. Our correspondent didn't explain that.

Instructions

A VERY stiff and very elaborate dinner, we hear, was given not so long ago to entertain the singer, Rosa Ponselle, on a visit to the West. Before the dinner, the hostess, a little doubtful about the ability of her Filipino head houseboy to cope with the situation, went over his duties with him carefully. Coming to the matter of glasses, she showed him each kind to be set out, and when, and where. "These are for the cocktails," she explained, "these are for the wine, these for the champagne, and these go to the men in the library after dinner." The dinner was going off very well and the hostess was congratulating herself when she heard a slight gasp from Miss Ponselle. That lady had just raised her glass, and noticed a small strip of paper stuck to its rim. "Go to the men in the library after dinner," it read.

Peacock Alley

THINGS seemed to be chaotic at the new Waldorf-Astoria earlier this week, with plasterers, carpenters, and a dozen other kinds of workmen hustling about, but the management assured us that work was well ahead of schedule and that every last thing would be done by the opening date, October 1. One big job has been getting the carpets laid. All over the building we met little bands of aproned women with scissors, needles, and heavy thread—carpet-trimmers going from room to room cutting carpets and sewing them together. The Waldorf has the largest rug in the world in its lobby, taking that distinction from Roxy's. It is seventy by fifty feet and weighed, crated, two and a half tons. When it arrived at the hotel, Park Avenue traffic had to be stopped ten minutes while it was unloaded. It was made in Czechoslovakia. Thirty weavers worked ten months on it.

The new Peacock Alley, preserving tradition, is just off the main lobby. In decoration it suggests the old, but it also shows the modern influence, and it is larger. We peeked into several rooms on the lobby floor—the Sert Room, named after the Spanish artist who did a set of towering murals about Don Quixote for the walls; the Men's Café, which has a map of the city and vicinity painted on its walls, with yacht clubs, country clubs, and other places all distinctly marked, with the routes to be followed to get to them; the Empire Room, which, like the other two, will be used for dining. In it, at the moment, dance orchestras were taking turns playing while officials sat around judicially, deciding which one they would engage. They have to think of everything.

The Waldorf-Astoria is really two hotels in one. Below the twenty-eighth floor it will be mainly transient; above that, largely residential. Rates for the lower floors will run as low as six dollars a day. The State Apartment, for distinguished guests, will rent for a hundred and twenty-five dollars a day. Lesser people may have it when it isn't occupied by the famous. It's a six-room suite, Early American in furnishing. It's on the forty-second floor, which is the top floor for residents, although there are five stories above devoted to machinery, including ventilating apparatus. Other apartments on the high floors will rent for from five thousand a year (two rooms) to twenty-five thousand. The permanent residents will have a private driveway which runs through the building from Forty-ninth to Fiftieth Street, with parking space for three hundred cars, and separate elevators, so they won't have to go through the lobby. There's a siding off the New York Central tracks beneath the building, for guests with private cars. All rooms are equipped not only for radio but also for television, when it comes. The ballroom is a theatre, too, with boxes in tiers, and a stage that can be lowered and raised. The roof garden has a glass ceiling, for when it rains. Many of the old employees are on hand, led by Oscar. Also, the management reports general interest on the part of guests of the old Waldorf. For the past month they have been appearing almost daily to look over its namesake.

Cure

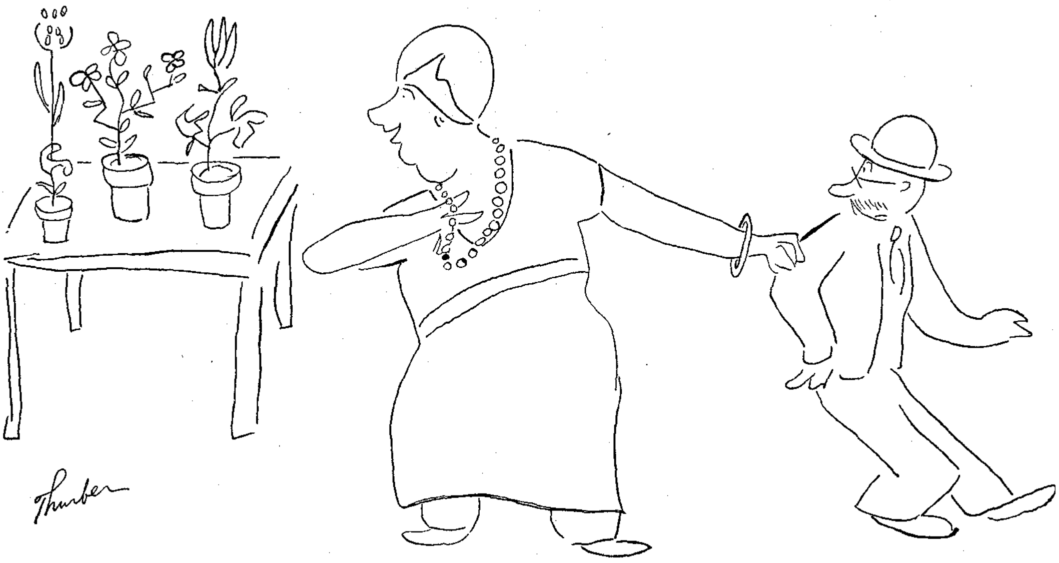
IN a plane going to Chicago, one of the passengers sneezed. He kept on sneezing. The pilot turned around. "Hay fever?" he asked. "Whad?" said the passenger. "Hay fever?" yelled the pilot. "Yeds," said the sad man. "We'll fix that," the flier told him, and he hoisted her up to an altitude of around six thousand feet. After a while the pilot turned around again. "Better?" he asked. "Yes," said the patient.

Arcades

THE firm that makes most of the snappy girl pictures for the peep machines in the penny arcades used to have trouble with John S. Sumner, the vice crusader. That trouble has been pretty much overcome. Twice a year now, the company gives a preview at its studio offices, 445 West Thirty-first Street, and Mr. Sumner attends, at the invitation of the president and general manager, Mr. William Rabkin. Mr. Sumner peeps gratuitously, and is amiable and coöperative, we are told. Except for deleting the words "sex" and "passion" from the titles occasionally, he has left the pictures pretty much alone, insisting only that the girls be attractive in face and figure. That makes them works of art, even though they are seven-eighths nude.

The pictures are released marked "Passed by New York censors," which simply means that Mr. Sumner has seen them. This city is the world centre of the peep-machine industry. The leading firm makes eighty or ninety new numbers a year, ships them all over the globe. Japan often ships them back, because the Japanese are funny about things—a kiss, for instance, is a serious piece of business, not to be peeped at. A couple of years ago, a consignment of machines came back from Java, with the explanation that the natives had liked them so well that they squandered all their pay every day and the government had had to close the concession. Boston recently rejected one called "The Finishing Touch," depicting a sculptor working from a living model. It seems that it was O.K. for weekday peeping in Massachusetts, but not—according to law—for Sunday peeping.

Strange as it may seem, the depression has hit the penny arcades. A customer used to spend an average of fifty cents, shooting ducks and fooling around. Now the average is a quarter. The girl pictures have held up fairly well, although this decade's conventional sunback bathing suits have taken some of the zip out of seminudity. Other arcade attractions have gained favor proportionately: machines that test strength or play miniature games. A big hit of late has been the Electric Travelling Crane, which scoops up candy with a tiny shovel—Rabkin himself got the idea for it from watching people watch a steam shov-

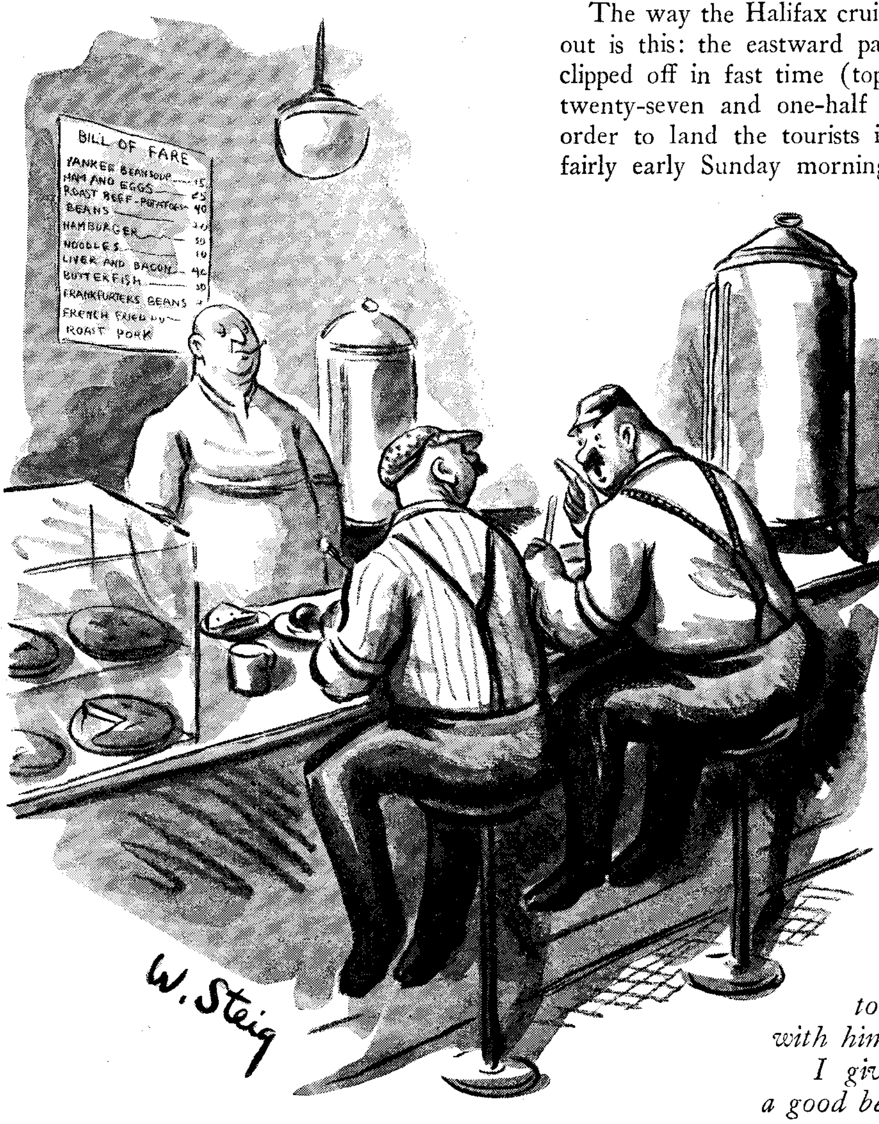


"Lookit, Herman—flars!"

el. Slumming parties are the biggest help in the arcade business: strong men like Jack Dempsey drop in to show how wonderful they are with the strength machines, and crack shots like Gloria Swanson drop in to knock off a couple of ducks.

Lobbying

EVERY now and then we hear a story of inside goings-on in Washington. The latest involves a keeper at the Washington Zoo and Senator Smoot, who is chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. Now the Zoo is dependent on Congress for financial support, and by a coincidence, Senator Smoot has an interest in ornithology and is a frequent visitor at the Zoo. Knowing that his superiors in the conduct of the institution feel that they could do with an increased appropriation, having heard them talk about it perhaps, and observing, moreover, that the Senator has a particular attachment for a certain South American parrot, the keeper had a bright idea. He took the parrot aside for a few days, and taught it a little speech. Now whenever the Senator visits the Zoo the bird shouts at him: "Money, money. Let us have money. We need money." It shouts this at every other visitor, too, of course, but the Senator is the only one the keeper is interested in. He hopes he'll be touched.



"First I tries to reason with him; then I gives him a good beating."

Hobbled

THE swift Mauretania has completed her final special "four-day cruise" of the season to Halifax, which is all right with her skipper, Captain Peel. One of the curious spectacles of the sea this summer has been this one-time holder of speed records loafing down the coast from Nova Scotia at snail's pace. She has had to crawl along like a collier at the rate of thirteen and a half knots in order to stretch out the cruise to its prescribed length. Captain Peel has been driven frantic by this slow motion—or so we are told by an ex-passenger.

The way the Halifax cruise worked out is this: the eastward passage was clipped off in fast time (top speed of twenty-seven and one-half knots) in order to land the tourists in Halifax fairly early Sunday morning, so that they might have a chance for sightseeing. But the return voyage had to be padded, to make the trip last four days. Captain Peel was actually so sensitive about running the ship at half-speed that he avoided the usual ship lanes, where he might be seen, and skulked along a course somewhat off the beaten track. On one or two occasions, when a ship appeared astern, he gave orders for increased speed. He explained: "If some little coastwise ship should overhaul the Mauretania, her captain and crew would talk about it the rest of their lives."

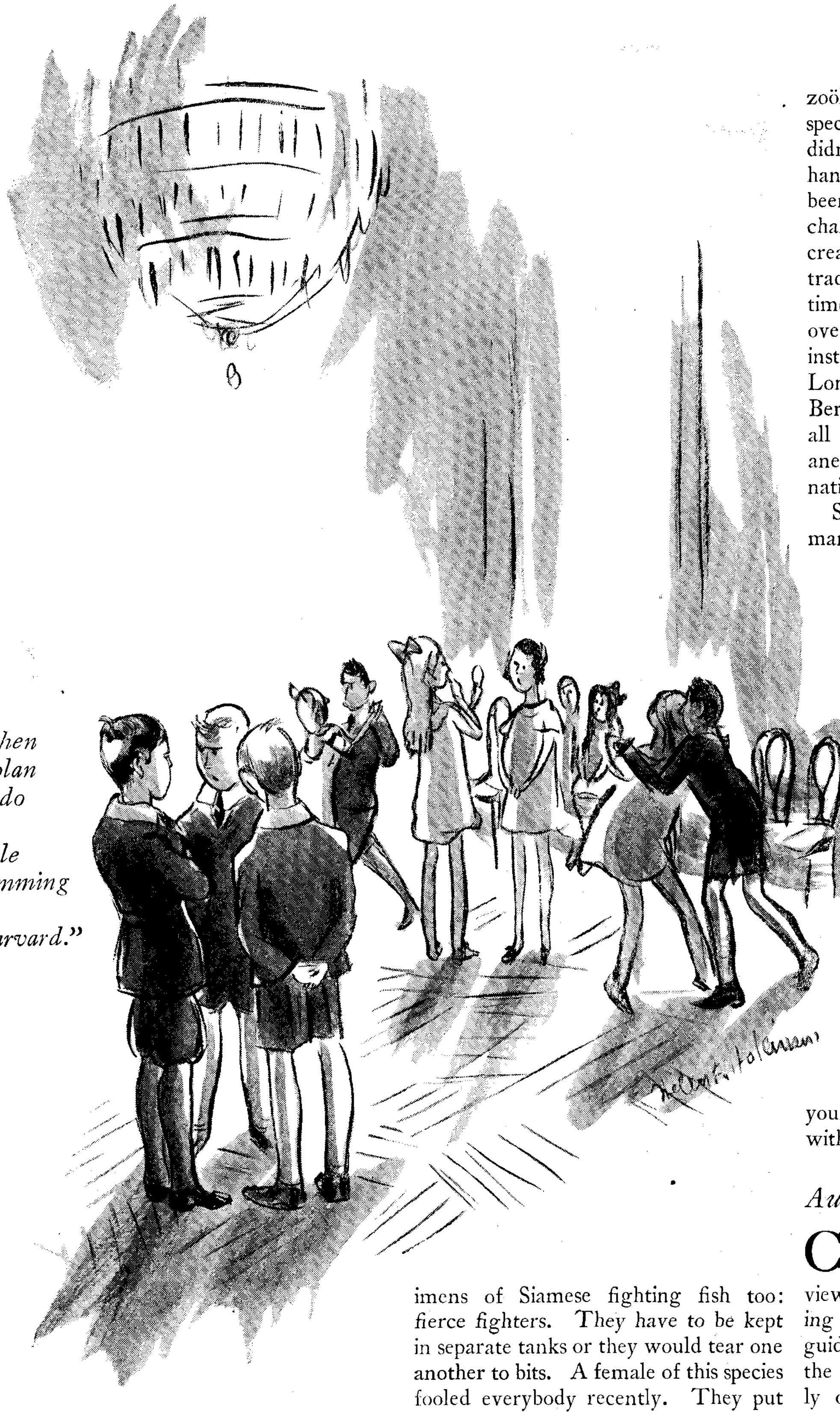
On one cruise five passengers were left in Halifax. They wirelessed the Mauretania, then six miles out. Captain Peel gladly put the big boat about and went back for them: the delay meant he could drive his ship faster the remainder of the trip.

Brian for Kruger

WHEN Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy took a vacation from the cast of "Private Lives" and were temporarily replaced by Donald Brian and Edith Taliaferro, the management of the Times Square Theatre realized, in a general way, that something would have to be done about the show cards in the lobby. One blurb, quoting Gilbert Seldes in the *Graphic*, read: "Miss Kennedy and Mr. Kruger are genuinely amusing." The management thought for a moment, then fixed it by tacking up two little printed cards over the names, making it read: "Miss Taliaferro and Mr. Brian are genuinely amusing." The same with a quotation from J. Brooks Atkinson of the *Times*. "The vivacious Miss Kennedy and the manly Mr. Kruger are splendid," it said. It was fixed to read: "The vivacious Miss Taliaferro and the manly Mr. Brian are splendid." A couple of the cards didn't fit any too well, and you could see the bottoms of the letters of Miss Kennedy's and Mr. Kruger's names—but what the dickens, life is too short!

Fish

THE latest thing at the Aquarium (this is our final report for the season upon this institution) is the small-fish exhibit in the new section. It contains all sorts of odd-looking creatures, among the smallest being the familiar guppy, whose young are almost microscopic. Then there is the glassfish from India, which also has a tendency



"*Then I plan to do a little bumming at Harvard.*"

toward invisibility; you can see right through him. Also the *paranha* discovered by Theodore Roosevelt along with the River of Doubt. These are the ravenous creatures quite capable of eating a man. They are only three or four inches long and are pale and anemic-looking. They have tremendously strong jaws with a sort of saw teeth and can bite an inch-thick piece out of a side of beef. The Aquarium got them in the Amazon and they're the only ones in captivity in America. The exhibit includes a number of specimens of Siamese fighting fish too: fierce fighters. They have to be kept in separate tanks or they would tear one another to bits. A female of this species fooled everybody recently. They put her in a tank with a male at breeding time and shortly after she had deposited her eggs her husband picked a fight with her and tore off most of her fins. She was put in another tank to recuperate and a few days later turned into a male. This is without known precedent and the whole fish world is abuzz. Learned men are preparing to write monographs about it.

The Aquarium exhibited a bunch of lungfish which later went to the aquarium at Chicago. The lungfish is especially remarkable for being, so far as zoölogists know, the first of all living species to develop lungs. Chicago didn't have any and we, on the other hand, had a lot, for the lungfish have been breeding well. We got in exchange a variety of odd freshwater creatures from the Great Lakes. This trading, we learned, goes on all the time between aquaria (or -ums) all over the world. Horseshoe crabs, for instance, something of a nuisance in Long Island Sound, are fascinating in Berlin and London. We send them all they want and they give us sea anemones and all sorts of marine life native to European waters.

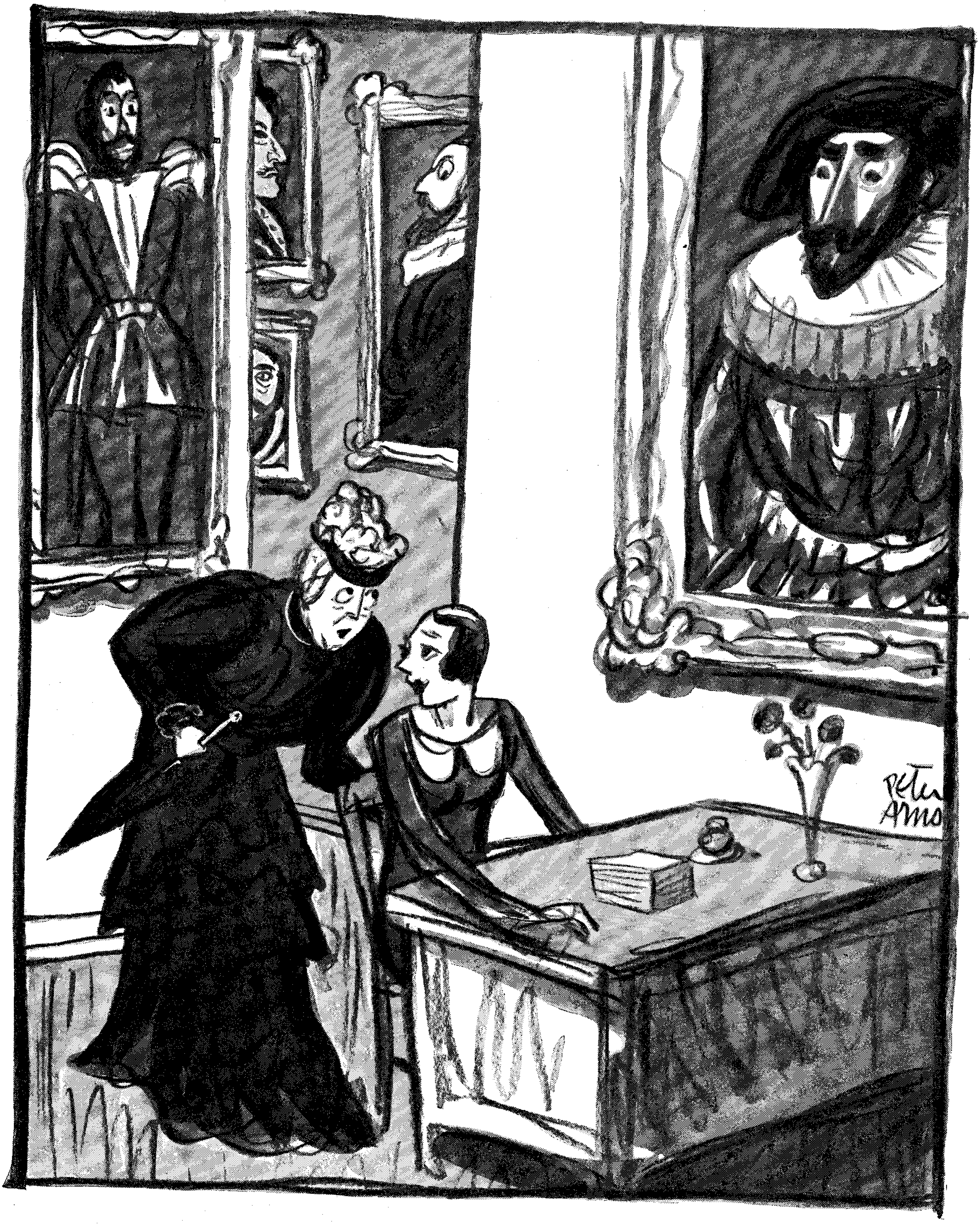
Shipping the fish back and forth has many difficulties. Many varieties must have running water and on trains caretakers have to sit up all night with their charges. Aboard ship some fish get seasick. That's one problem. The only thing aquarium people can do about this is restrict their diet for a few days before a voyage and then hope for the best.

Paddlewings, the lone and lorn penguin, is doing nicely. Knows the way to its bath now. Twice a day they lift it over the side of its corral in Dr. Townsend's office upstairs, and it runs downstairs and around to its swimming tank without anybody showing it the way. It'll also, if it happens to like you, jump through your arms if you hold them before it with your hands clasped.

Author at Dinner

CHICAGO, home of gunmen, has a way of life, an attitude, a point of view. Recently a book called "Dining in Chicago" was published—a guide to restaurants. Mr. John Drury, the author, described, rather flatteringly on the whole, the various eating places of the city, such as they are. After the book came out, its author continued to patronize, naturally enough, the restaurants he happened to like, but he noticed that the proprietors had become cool toward him. A couple of them seemed downright hostile—even though he had praised them in the book. The truth gradually dawned. They had all seen the book, but they had all supposed it to be another holdup game. They were waiting for the shakedown.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"*Is there any place here I can get at my purse?*"

THE GRAND PASSION

Carmencita Passion, Hollywood's sloe-eyed woman of flame and mystery, whose many loves have stirred not alone the blasé movie capital itself but the entire moviegoing world as well, flashed that radiant smile of hers at me.

"No," she iterated, "I am an artist, and an artist must give, give—always give. And what can one give unless one has Loved—and Suffered?"

She paused, then added, half musing:

"It is Love that makes the world go round. Tell my friends among the readers of The New Yorker that that is what La Passion says."

But there was something of a more concrete nature I wanted to ask Miss Passion, something concerning which I knew her fans would be most curious. So I determined to take the bull by the horns.

"Miss Passion," I ventured, "may I ask you a personal question?"

"Why not?" she replied. "After all, many men have."

She flashed her radiant smile at me.

"Is it true, then, Miss Passion, that you and Richard Arlen have broken your engagement?"

"It is," she responded, quietly. "Richard is a dear, but I had my career to think of, and I daresay he had his. We are still good friends."

"In that case," I pursued, "how about—er—Ronald Colman?"

"Ronald," said Miss Passion, "is an artist. I also, *moi qui vous parle*, am the artist. We clashed. But we remain good friends. He is a dear."

"Then how about Robert Montgomery?"

"We clashed, too, so our engagement is off. But I shall always cherish the memory of my friendship with Robert. He is a dear. So is Richard Dix a dear, for that matter, but my engagement to him is broken."

"What, Miss Passion! Your engagement to Dix off, too? Why, all fandom thought he and you were the one old-fashioned, constant pair of lovers left in Hollywood."

"It seemed so for a time, but—ah, you men! Why must you always be jealous? Richard is a dear, but he is imperious, demanding. We clashed. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* What would you? The course of true love never ran smooth."

Miss Passion leaned over, her lovely eyes flashing.

"Tell them that," she cried, almost defiantly. "Tell the readers of The New Yorker that Carmencita Passion says the course of true love never ran smooth."

As I gazed upon her blonde loveliness I could scarcely believe that it had been but a scant five years since this marvellous creature, then a mere chit of a girl, had bidden goodbye to her father, Sumner F. Passion, a humble shoemaker of Fort Ann, N. Y., and had started west to storm the citadel of Hollywood—that city of broken hearts, so cruel to its failures but so lavish to its favorites. America, I could not help thinking as I watched La Passion, is indeed the Land of Opportunity.

"How about your engagement to Ben Lyon, Miss Passion?"

"That's off. Wait. Who did you say?"

"Ben Lyon."

"Oh, I thought you said Ben Turpin. My engagement to Turpin is off and I *think* my engagement to Lyon is off, too, but I wouldn't be certain. Just let me look it up in my engagement book. . . . Yes. 'Lyon, Ben: Engagement off as of April 23, 1931.' "

"Retroactive?"

"Yes, he was. But a dear nevertheless. There will always be a place in my heart for Ben Lyon."

"How do you stand on Howard Hughes, Miss Passion?"

"I'm afraid I never had that pleasure."

"I mean, is your engagement to him off?"

"Let me look under 'H.' Yes. My engagement to Howard Hughes was broken last March, also my engagements to Rupert Hughes and Charles Evans Hughes, both dears. If memory serves, I am not now engaged to any Hugheses of importance. The fact is, I don't even seem to be having a love affair with anybody starting with an H, at the moment."

"How about Cooper?"

"Which one, Jackie or Gary?"

"Either."

"Engagements to both are broken, but both boys are dears. Still, I had my career to think of."

"But, Miss Passion, there must be Someone."

She flashed her radiant smile at me.

"There—is," she said, softly.

I became agog with curiosity. I had visions of a scoop for my magazine. Imagine being the first to tell the world the name of Carmencita Passion's new lover!

Suddenly she arose, with a little cry of gladness. She stretched her arms, as if to enfold the world and let it share her joy. Then, with charming abandon, she gave a running jump, landed on the back rung of a tea caddy, and sailed three times around the room on it without grazing a stick of furniture.

"For the first time Carmencita is really in love," she cried, jubilantly, triumphantly, as she passed me on the last lap. Then she returned to the divan, serious now, and bent toward me.

"But oh!" she said, gravely, placing her hand upon her heart. "Oh, the pain of it!"

"Tell me all about it," I pleaded.

"*Nevaire!*" cried La Passion, lapsing into French. "The public has no right to know. It is my great, true love, and it is sacred."

"All right, I won't write any interview," I said.

"In that case," said Miss Passion, flashing her radiant smile on me, "why should I not tell? Why should not my dear public share my joy? Tell them then; tell the readers of The New Yorker that Carmencita, poor, unhappy Carmencita, has at last found happiness."

"Who is he?" I said, eagerly.

"He?" cried Miss Passion, almost indignantly. "He? La Passion never does things halfway. Tell the world that she is in love this time with Clark Gable, Warner Baxter, Buddy Rogers, Junior and Carl Laemmle, B. P. Schulberg, Charlie Farrell, William Powell, Jimmy Gleason, Winfield Sheehan, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, George Bancroft, Will Hays, Clive Brook, Noah and Wallace Beery, Sam Goldwyn, Irving Thalberg, and all the electricians on the Paramount, Fox, and First National lots."

—Frank Sullivan

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LEAVES SHIP LEANING ON DAUGHTER
—*Headline in a San Francisco newspaper.*

That's a dirty trick, Heaven knows.

THE DEVIL MAY CARE

She nursed and tended a dog that came
Into her dooryard hurt and lame.

She mended a robin's broken wing
With a matchstick and a piece of string.

And the angel in charge of various things
Like limping puppies and shattered wings

Was duly impressed by her care of them,
And wrote her down for a diadem.

Later, however, an interlude
Politely called moral turpitude

Ruined her prospects utterly
For high celestial society.

So, when she died, she was sent below,
Where Wall Street bears and the like must go

To dwell in torment forevermore
According to Biblical metaphor.

Now Satan, in spite of his reputation,
Is a person of some discrimination,

And secretly is inclined to doubt
Whether Heaven knows what life's about.

He thought she deserved a better fate
Than others consigned to his estate,

And gave her a house and an apple tree
With a robin singing merrily

On its topmost branch, and a dog to greet
The sound of her willful, wayward feet.

And he himself is quite often seen
Paying visits to her demesne

With nectar and flowering asphodel:
She's having a heavenly time in Hell!

—Miriam Vedder

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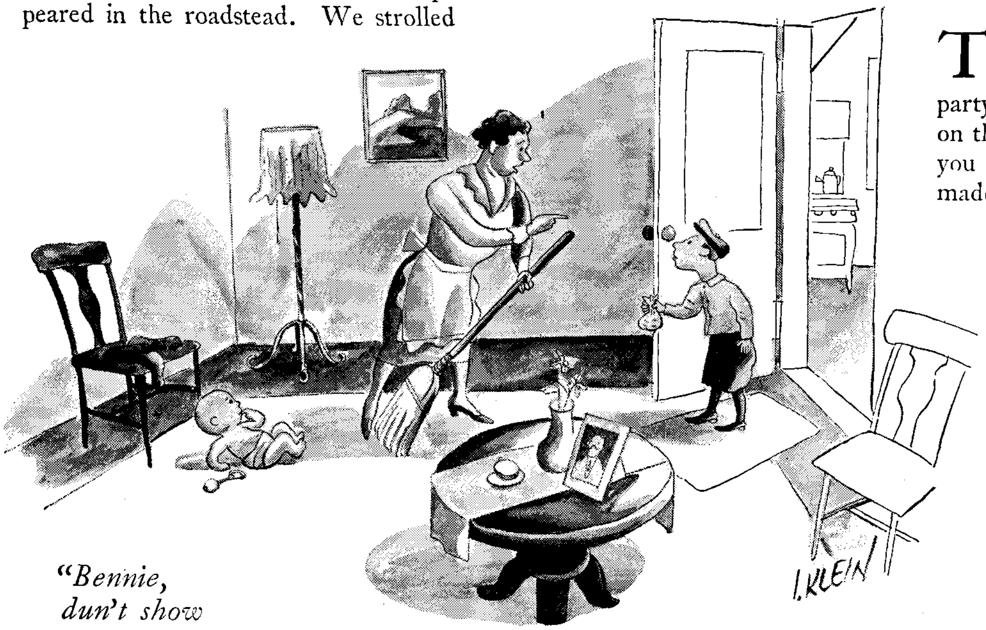
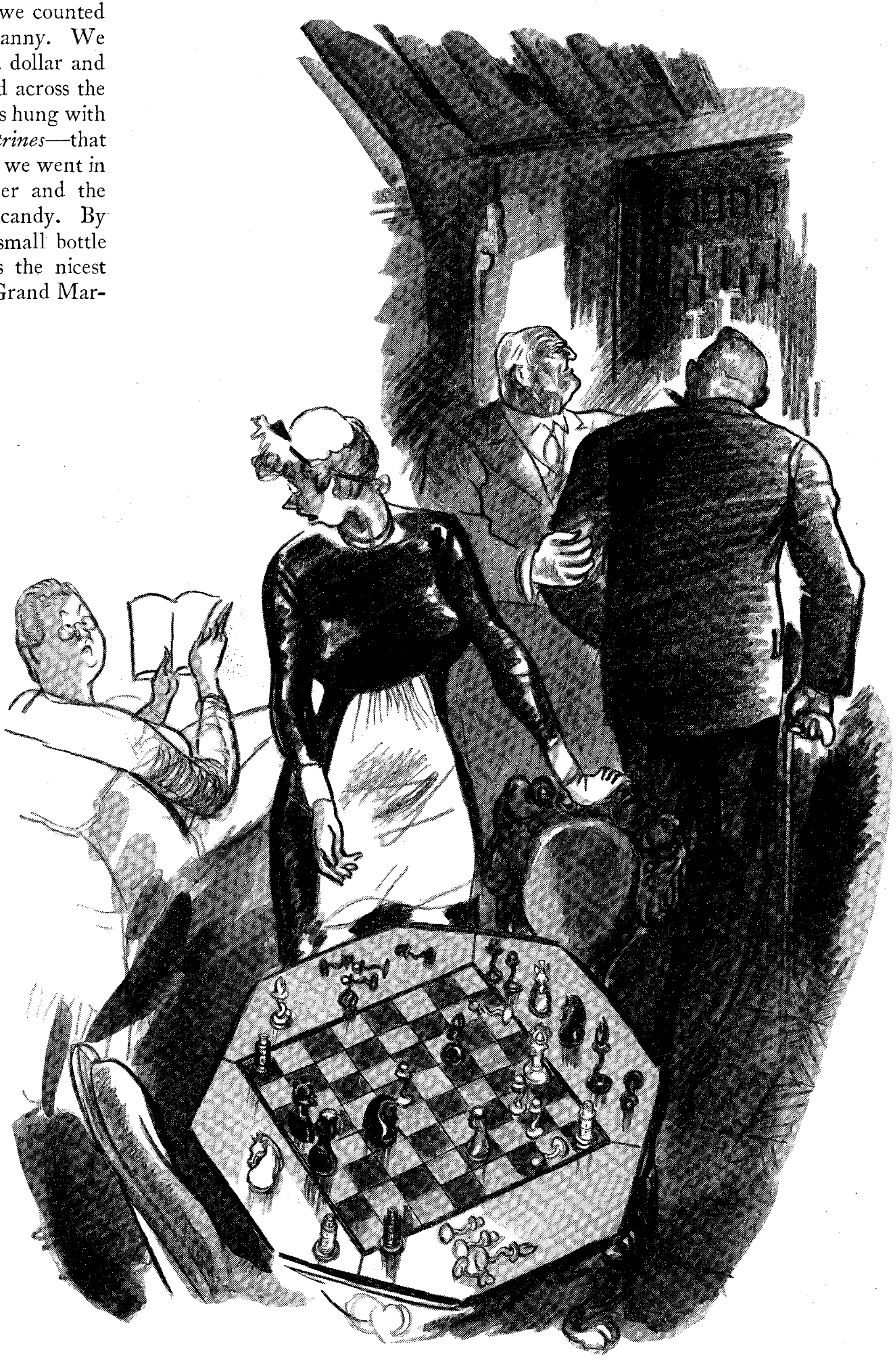
COFFEE AND LIQUEURS

YOU can only have a tiny lick of it, so take your choice: Cointreau or Benedictine? Here's yours. . . . Now take it up gently, drink it with care, fashioned so tenderly. . . . We had no intention of bringing anything through, although plenty of friends gave us their systems, but when we got to Cherbourg we had three hours to wait until the Bremen appeared in the roadstead. We strolled around the pier and I stopped at the gangplank and listened to the fat old gendarme arguing with a long, thin, sad-looking one about the prince we had on board. The prince, a veritable one, was strolling around on the upper deck of the tender, and the hem of his not-altogether-new tweed coat was dangling a bit—what's the use of being a prince if even a prince's princess forgets to baste up the hem?—but anyhow, the fat old gendarme was saying: "He's a pretty young prince. Only became one in 1810. He was a general of Napoleon," and then went on telling about how he had married a sister-in-law of Napoleon's brother or something; and what he didn't know the *Almanach de Gotha* will never tell. And they would look up at him—not old, just one hundred and twenty-one years—discussing his wives and fathers and mothers while he paced the deck, a tall, well-set-up, and quiet and handsome gentleman of about forty, and his wife, quiet and young and dark and dignified, with her good broadtail coat with the fox-fur collar on her arm, and wearing just an old beige coat for the steamer. The hem had been let down, which I could tell because I examined her pretty closely when we stood in the alleyway of our *wagon* (French for Pullman) watching those cute villages of Normandy. We had compartments in the same carriage with another princess, too, the Mdivani—you know, Mae Murray—although I must say Mae Murray acted more like a legendary princess. Her blinds were drawn, and it said on the placard: "Princess Mdivani and Party," and I got so curious I must say I did a nasty thing. The blind didn't quite cover the glass in the door, so I peeped in when she didn't come out for lunch, and there she was sitting up straight and beautiful with golden hair and a red hat and a fitch-fur rug wrapped around her, just sitting, still and beautiful like a dream—thousands of little fitches closing her in preciously.



"Bennie, dun't show B-e-b-y da k-e-n-d-y."

THE gendarmes shut up when the prince and his princess and their party—a nice elderly lady—walked off on the quay. I always follow people—you know, the Inquiring Puppy—so I made the whole family come with me and we met the princely party in front of the booth where the woman sells perfumes and powders and whatnot, and they were window-shopping just like us. The prince endeared himself to me forever with his democratic ways when he said about a bottle of Chanel No. 5: "Fifty francs! That is too much," and they went into a huddle and finally emerged buying the thirty-franc Nuit de Paris, which I had just turned down. I couldn't buy any perfume after that so I got some rouge, but still we had some loose francs to get rid of—but with reason, as we say in France. I had forthwith a brilliant idea, and I said: "Let's buy some booze with the rest." My husband said I was a fool and we couldn't get it in anyhow, but I never mind him when I have a grand idea and said we could drink it up anyhow on the boat, so we counted out the francs from every cranny. We only had forty-odd, about a dollar and eighty cents, and we walked across the bridge to an *épicerie* that was hung with liquor bottles in the *vitrines*—that means show windows—and we went in and argued with each other and the kids. All they wanted was candy. By mutual consent we got a small bottle of Benedictine, because it's the nicest liqueur after all. He likes Grand Marnier better but they only had the Cordon Jaune—that's the second-grade yellow-ribbon stuff they give to people who don't know any better, and charge you for the first-class kind. (You get to know things like that if you live in France.) While we were arguing whether we wanted Napoleon brandy instead and counting our francs over and over again, the grocer sold two francs' worth of mixed hard candies to a lady and gentleman. You know you can always tell the difference between a lady and gentleman and common people in France—ladies and gentlemen always wear gloves, no matter what kind, cotton or silk or leather, but gloves they must wear, even in the hottest weather, and a hat, preferably black, and a fur, no matter how old. If it's an old skunk shoulder-cape, then that shows you're a real aristocrat, and everyone gives way before you and the elderly maid carrying the market bag, which also has the money purse in it. That's real country-gentlewoman style in France. He had patent-leather shoes on and a collar and a hat, too, so it took the grocer a long time, because he gave them a little bit out of each jar and let them taste a piece whenever they seemed a little dubious about a particular variety, and by the time they were done and the stuff wrapped up real pretty, why our fighting was over, the guns were stacked, and the treaty signed, and the terms one of Cointreau at eighteen francs (seventy-two cents), which, with the Benedictine at nineteen francs, or seventy-six cents, made one forty-eight in all and we had three francs or so over,



"Is it all right to put away Mr. Dodd's little playthings?"

which was a sticker until Pete yelled for peanuts.

THEN, all set, we got onto the tender, and nobody was paying any attention to the Bonaparte prince and princess, but down in the salon a whole bunch of women and girls were sitting exactly opposite the Princess Mdivani, devouring her with their eyes, and in a corner a bunch of those rich fat men and women were telling each other out very loud how they once almost met Joan Crawford. Well, anyhow, we had a gay crowd on the boat going over, but we kept arguing all the time where should we hide the bottles? We put them in one bag after another, made trips down to the baggage-room, tried them in various trunks, debated whether it was better pushing them in the Spanish riding boots or in the soiled clothes, and we didn't touch them at all because we had beautiful beer, and the farewell dinner with four bottles of Niersteiner and Rudesheimer and Riesling and such. And when our boat got near the pier, of course the whole crowd was standing there out in the rain yelling our names—everybody was there, even Victor, King of Taxi-Drivers and the unofficial Mayor-Undertaker and General-Fixit of our township—and believe me, then I knew we were really honored. Everybody scattered to pick up our baggage, which had gone under every class and initial—thirteen pieces, hampers, suitcases, trunks to carry the junk you pick up in a year. My heart began to rattle over my bottles when I saw an inspector dive into a bunch of soiled things in the trunk of a colored lady who was studying with Nadia Boulanger in Paris, punching and holding up every piece, and I expected trouble, so I begged Victor: "You must know somebody here. See if you can fix it up." So of course it turned out that one of the chief inspectors with a gold badge and everything was a friend of his from our home town, and he introduced him all around, and led him away, putting his arm around him, and came back after a while and barked in clipped, decisive phrases: "Nothing doin'. Better declare it. If you do, maybe they'll let you off with a five-dollar fine. If you don't, and they find it on you, they'll soak you a hundred—you know they get these spells every so often. I'll lend you a fiver if you're flat." Well, it looked pretty bad, and there were a lot of I-told-you-so's, and remember-about-that-fur-coat-you-almost-got-caught-with, and all that jabber, and then my noble spouse, who has his Great Moments, said in an inspired voice as I went to get an inspector: "Say nothing at all." I thought he was crazy but he looked right and virtuous, so Victor and I went for an inspector and I said: "I guess I won't have any luck like that time the inspector was from our home town and passed me right in without even my opening a thing."

Well, the inspector this time was gray-haired, and started right in giving me the devil because we wrote our domicile was Paris when

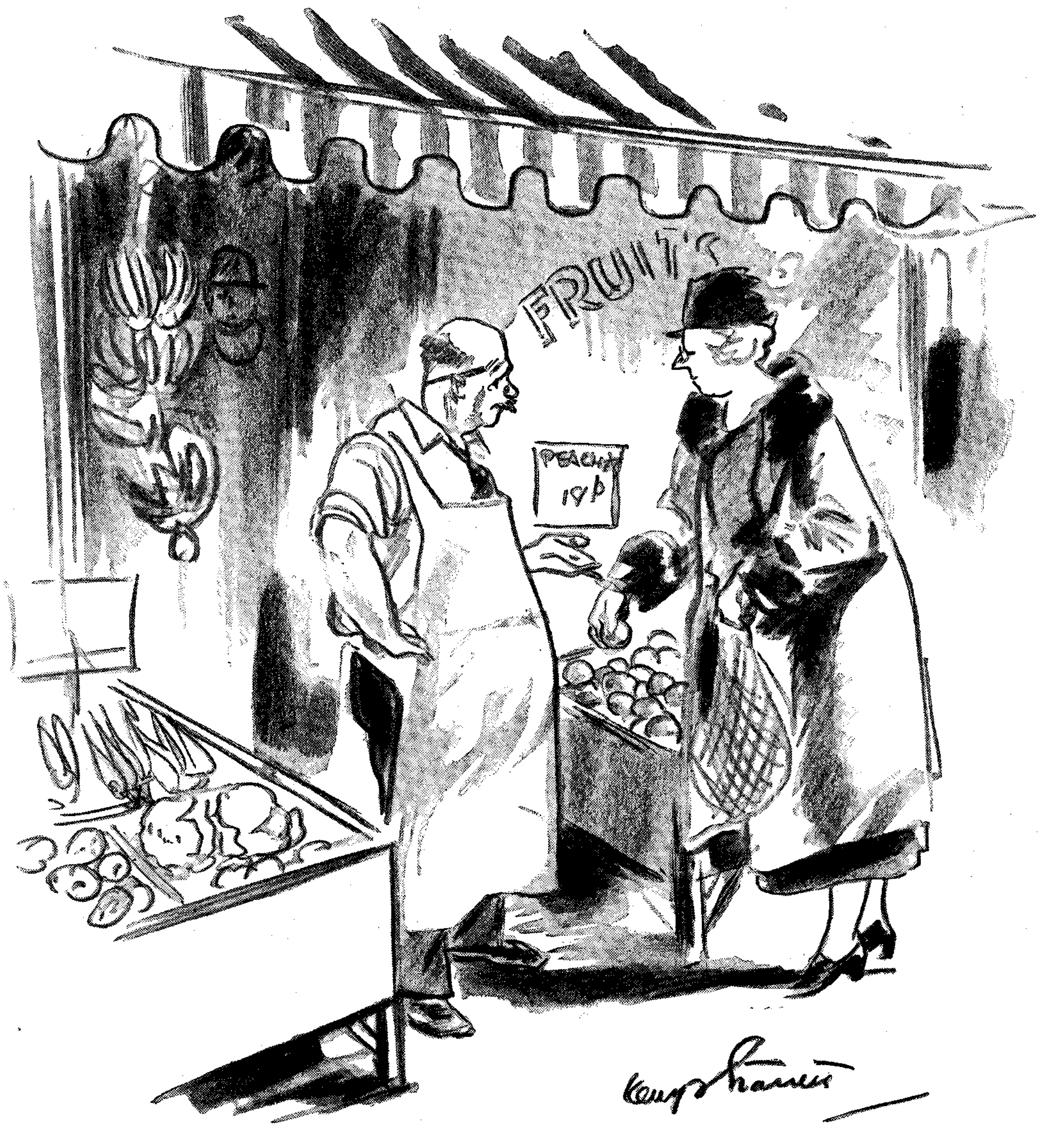
Leonard Dove

"They're giving me a two-hundred-dollar allowance on my old Chevrolet."

it should be New York. Then he changed tone suddenly and said: "Artists, huh! You're the very people I'm *looking* for." My heart stood still. "I got a nephew, a good kid," he went on, "but we can't do nothing with him. He don't wanna go to school. All he wants to do is draw pictures. And say, he's great at it! He can make a picture and it's the living image of me, and he says he wants to be an artist. How do you go about being an artist?"

DID you ever hear of such luck? I told him all about the Art Students' League, about Cooper Union. Never was honest advice more heartily given. I told him it was fine the kid didn't want to go to school. Then he hands us over to another inspector, and then my face fell, but only for a sec, because he was a nice kid—from the Southwest, by his drawl—and I said: "Now listen, we got thirteen pieces of baggage and thirteen friends with their station wagons down from the country to take them home in, so tell him not to open all those bags. Besides, it's way past lunch and you must be hungry and I can't wait that long." And the first inspector said: "Sure, he won't open a thing. You're all right." "And besides," I added, "I'm bringing in booze, so you see I don't want him snooping around." And he laughed and everybody laughed and he thanked me for the advice about the boy's career, and it was good advice, too, and I felt pretty good about myself. The sweet inspector from the Southwest began by asking us gently to open each bag in turn, and everybody making high signs, and Victor shuffling the bags around as if they were marked cards, and me saying cute things, but he went through every piece as thoroughly as possible—and the Benedictine passed—and finally came the final and biggest hamper, full of our Moroccan tribal rug and firedogs and old baskets and shoes and such junk and I said: "Now don't you dare touch that, it's full of booze," and he laughed and we all laughed and he searched as well as he could considering the firedogs and whatnot barring his way—and there was the Cointreau safe at base—and he had an awful time making a stamp stick on the wicker. . . . And here we are. . . . So handle it lovingly; it's been through the war.

—BESSIE BREUER



"Those are very fine slightly over-ripes, Ma'am."

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COLLEGIATE DEGENERATION

Proof of the Existence of an Active Ferment of De-Intellectualization at Work in Modern American Institutions of Higher Learning

INSTITUTION	DE-INTELLECTUALIZATION
Temple University*	Offers college credits to students who take a course in "social etiquette"
Barnard College	Offers college credits to girls who take a course in "resting" on the roof of Barnard Hall
New York University	Offers college credits to students for pursuing a course in "personality development"
University of Southern California	Offers college credits to students for looking up their own family trees in a course in "genealogy"
Ohio State University	Offers college credits to students who take a course in "waiting on table"

*"The *sine qua non* of a college student is a proper social deportment."—*President Beury.*

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

EPITAPH

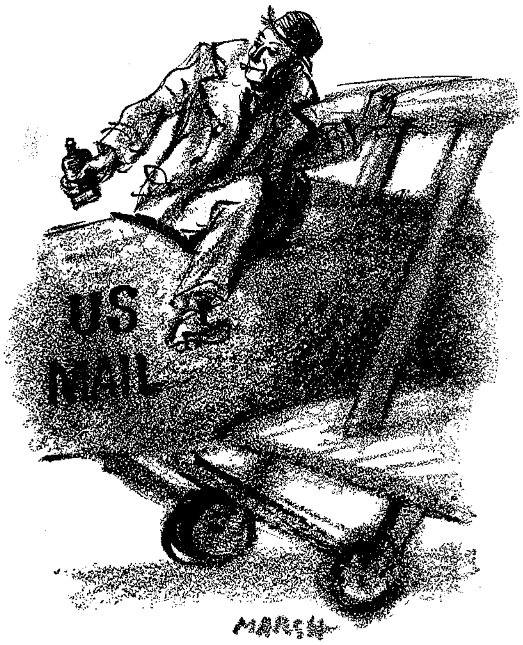
Carter Leigh was an aviator, one of the old-timers who taught them how to fly at Kelly Field in 1918 and then turned into a vagabond of the air. He died the other day. The pneumonia bugs killed him, lying in a bed. He was a frayed end of Virginia aristocracy and full of arrogance, and he loved to talk about his polite cousins in the Valley. He was sardonic about them, but underneath his drawling contempt as he mentioned their sonorous names there was always a touch of pride. He was lean as a ghost, incredibly garrulous, a superb pilot, and a drunkard. He flew the mail, in an old derby hat and a worn overcoat, with a half-burned cigar stuck in his teeth and a bottle of whiskey within reach under the seat.

When I first came upon him, he was sprawled across a bed in a hotel room with a crowd sitting about, and he was telling a story:

"I was on that midnight run out of Chicago, and I was in the hangar sleeping off a little bust I'd been on when they yanked me out to take off. I had a full bottle under my coat and I carried it out to slip into the cockpit. I put it in while they were winding up the prop and loading in the mail, and then when they had warmed up the engine I crawled in and took her off. It was pretty cold, and I hadn't levelled out at my four thousand feet before I was reaching for that bottle. Well, sir, the son-of-a-gun wasn't there. Just wasn't there. I pushed on up to about six thousand feet and let go with both hands to feel around, but I couldn't find it, and all of a sudden I realized what I must have done. I'd put the quart in the mail compartment instead of the cockpit and there it was, riding up front with the love letters, under a cover that was lashed down with two big straps.

"I just had to have that drink now. So I pushed up to ten thousand feet, got to flying smooth and nice, and started to climb forward after it. I had to get clean out of my cockpit, and scramble forward over a mighty slick turtleback.

"Well, sir, I had unbuckled the first strap when the ship fell off on the left wing and I had to jump back to the controls again. On my fifth trip forward, like that, I reached down in the mail and got the quart, and before I could get back the old crate was spinning for fair. I pulled her out all right, and I had the quart. Lost eight thousand feet of altitude getting it, but after one drag on that bottle eight thousand feet wasn't anything to me.



"It was a mighty pretty night, and the time just went by. I sat there, and the ship flew herself, and nobody could get lonesome with a quart of Golden Wedding tucked in his lap. I dozed off now and then, and sort of lost track of time. Didn't have much idea how far I'd gone, but it was easy to hold the course. The beacons lit that old prairie up like Broadway, and I'd flown that route a thousand times.

"I must have been sort of dozing and taking a drag on the quart at the same time, but all of a sudden I woke up quick. Raw liquor was running up my nose, and that's better than smelling salts. I tried to figure how it got up there but couldn't, and so I decided that what I needed was another snort. I put the bottle up—and before I could get it to my mouth the booze was all over my face. Then I looked over the side, and boy, there was the Dipper, shining straight up from the ground. I looked up. And there were the lights of the Omaha airport, dead overhead.

"But the old bus came off her back all right when I leaned forward on the stick. A few minutes later I laid her in for a nice landing."

Amidst the laughter, before anybody else could get under way to top his story, he began, characteristically, to top it himself.

"I was getting ready to take off for the run back to Chicago the next day when a grease monkey gave me the tip they were firing me when I got back there. Intoxication on the run, they were reporting.

"Well, sir, I made up my mind they weren't going to fire me by telegraph, anyhow. So about a hundred miles out of Omaha I came down on the railroad and the telegraph lines and began to take those wires out—zig-zagging back and forth between the poles and ripping those lines down to nothing. You can do that, you know. Used to be a fellow in the army that taught you how. Your landing struts will cut 'em like a knife if you hit 'em at the right angle. I wrecked 'em for two miles.

"Then I thought: 'What if they're firing me by mail, and I'm hauling the letter right up front there in the hatch?' So I dumped the ship in an old rock quarry. It broke my collarbone, and the seven-mile walk into a town was pretty tough, but they never found that mail.

"Oh, I guess they fired me all right. I never went back to find out."

Carter Leigh flew anything that would groan itself off the ground, and he flew it with a flourish. He had test-flown ships that the designing engineer would not have stepped into for a million dollars, and he even held a record or two—obscure records that come under Class C, or something like that, in the catalogue of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale. But it was worth your life to get into a ship with him. The curiously acid quality of his humor would assert itself, and he would flash you about the sky until you begged to be let off, or until the gas gave out. His most profound disdain was for aviators who flew in helmet and goggles, and the sight of boots and breeches would send him into gales of contemptuous laughter.

His single notion of pleasant flying was dangerous flying, and he could be counted on to make the simplest journey a breath-taking event.

I had a long two weeks with him once, when he and another old-time pilot decided to break the endurance record. This was none of your refuelling flights. It was a real test for an airplane. The ship would stay up as long as the initial load of gas held out, and that meant a takeoff with a tremendous weight of fuel in the special tanks that pressed close against the backs of the pilots. Indeed, the load was twelve hundred gallons—nearly four tons of gasoline to come jarring loose if anything unfortunate happened.

We stayed at a little hotel near the shore of Lake Huron: a little crowd of newspapermen and press-agents, eight or ten mechanics and oil-company men, and the two pilots, waiting for the weather to blow clear for a week of continuous flying. Every morning at six-thirty we got the weather report, and every morning at seven—the report being unfavorable—the crowd would meet in one of the big suites upstairs for breakfast, yarns, and the incredible laziness of simply waiting. Leigh and his companion pilot were always bellwethers in the call for cracked ice and glasses.

But one morning the weather was clear. The report from the Weather Bureau was good. And the mechanics got the ship ready for flight. Leigh went to the controls, finally, and he swung that awfully weighted ship down the runway, rocked her off, and dipped into flight with a brutal dominance that made us catch our breath and then cheer a little foolishly. They banked around, floated overhead, and set out on the tight course that would hold them within range of the landing field for a few hours.

A little before noon, when they were fairly overhead, the motor conked. We heard it cough once or twice as it surrendered to the terrible load it was bearing, and then a long white plume fell behind the ship as Leigh opened the release valves and the tons of gas were dumped out of the tanks. The ship came down for a long, smooth landing, and Leigh crawled stiffly out.

"Just in time for lunch," he said happily, and somebody put a flat little bottle into his hand.

AT five o'clock all of us were sitting in a little cottage by the runway. It was somebody's summer haven, that cottage. It belonged to one of the leading lights of the town, who had generously made it free to the aviators. And it was a most horrible mess. One of the mechanics, the night before, had bet that he could drink a pint of whiskey in one draught. He had done it, and then wrecked the place. We sat in a dreadful squalor of broken chairs and mattresses that were ripped and torn, and watched the engine-men at work on the motor. An exhaust valve had stuck. A little before sundown they came in to say that the valve was all right again, and the ship could take off any time.

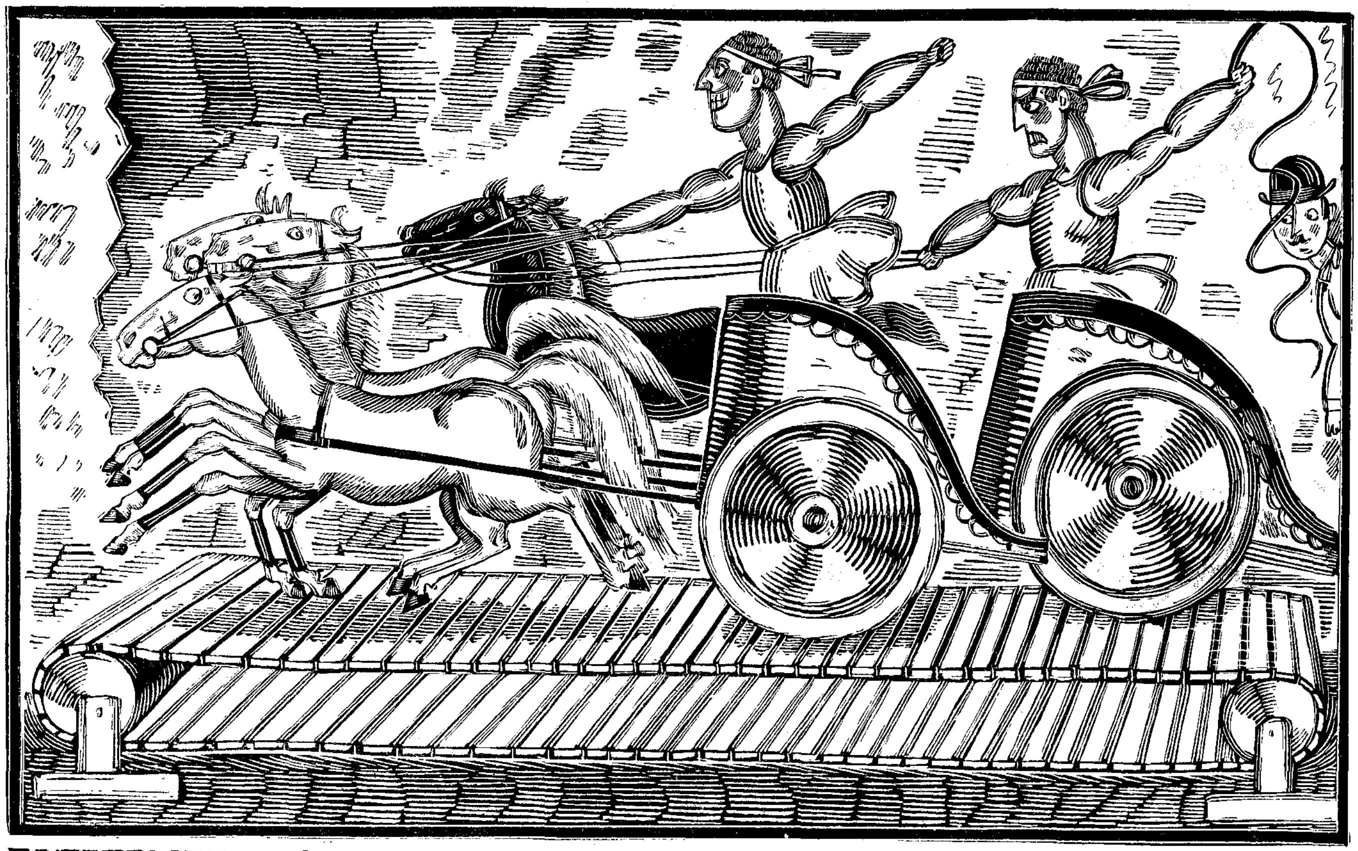
Leigh's companion said: "Come on, Carter, let's go." There was an almost imperceptible unsteadiness in the legs of this co-pilot, and a faint thickness affected his voice. Leigh? He was never unsteady on his legs. His voice was never thick. That was the basis of his ultimate pride.

"Don't be a fool," he answered with some amusement. "We can't take off with that load and that engine with darkness just setting in. We've got to have daylight for the first ten hours of this flight, boy."

"Carter," said the co-pilot slowly, "you're a yellow dog from Virginia."

"Let's go," said Leigh.

They crawled into the ship. The co-pilot's eyes were slightly glazed, and his foot slipped on the strut as he went up, but Leigh grinned. "The air will



WHEN THE THEATRE WAS FRAUGHT WITH ROMANCE

BEN-HUR AND THE WHITE HORSES ALWAYS **WIN**

ENGRAVED BY **JOHN HELD JR** WHO SOMETIMES WONDERS WHAT ITS ALL ABOUT fix him up," he said. "Put out some flares, will you?" he asked. "I've got a notion this engine can't do it, and it's going to be a dark night. If you hear a big noise that'll be me coming down too hard."

He lifted her off again as the shadows deepened, and two minutes later he had no existence for us save for the faint glimmer of a red and a green riding light, far above, and the low drumming of the engine. Toward midnight, a change in the pitch of that drumming caused us to lift our heads sharply, and a moment later the sound quit altogether. It was the valve again. The ship came down out of the darkness and into the smoky red illumination of the flares. The landing was all right.

THE co-pilot went to bed and most of the others went to bed. In Carter's room I sat with him, and listened to the ice ringing in his glass, and heard one of his long, fantastic yarns. Then there was a knock on the door and the manager of the hotel came in with three of the most grotesque women I have ever seen. They were a little old. They had gold teeth and clothes that were incredibly out of date, and their voices twanged with some ugly Middle-Western timbre. They were, said the hotel manager, friends of his.

Leigh was very tired. Monstrously tired. His face was gray and his deep-sunk eyes seemed to ache with weariness. But he managed a courteous bow. His lean, stooped figure moved about the room arranging chairs, and he apologized for having his shirt off.

"Now who is this nice fellow?" twittered one of the lady visitors.

"I'm the endurance flier. I'm the aviator. Don't you read the papers?" he demanded. Then he flung himself on the bed, and stared at them, and the whiskey he had been drinking took hard hold of him. His voice began, and he was suddenly speaking to them with reverent grace, as if they might have been three Helens. He deferred to their bleak inanities, and he handed glasses to them with the air of a cavalier. Soon he mentioned Virginia, and then Poe, and with his dark eyes blazing from their shadowed sockets he gestured magnificently and let the phrases run from his lips:

"Once upon a midnight dreary . . ."

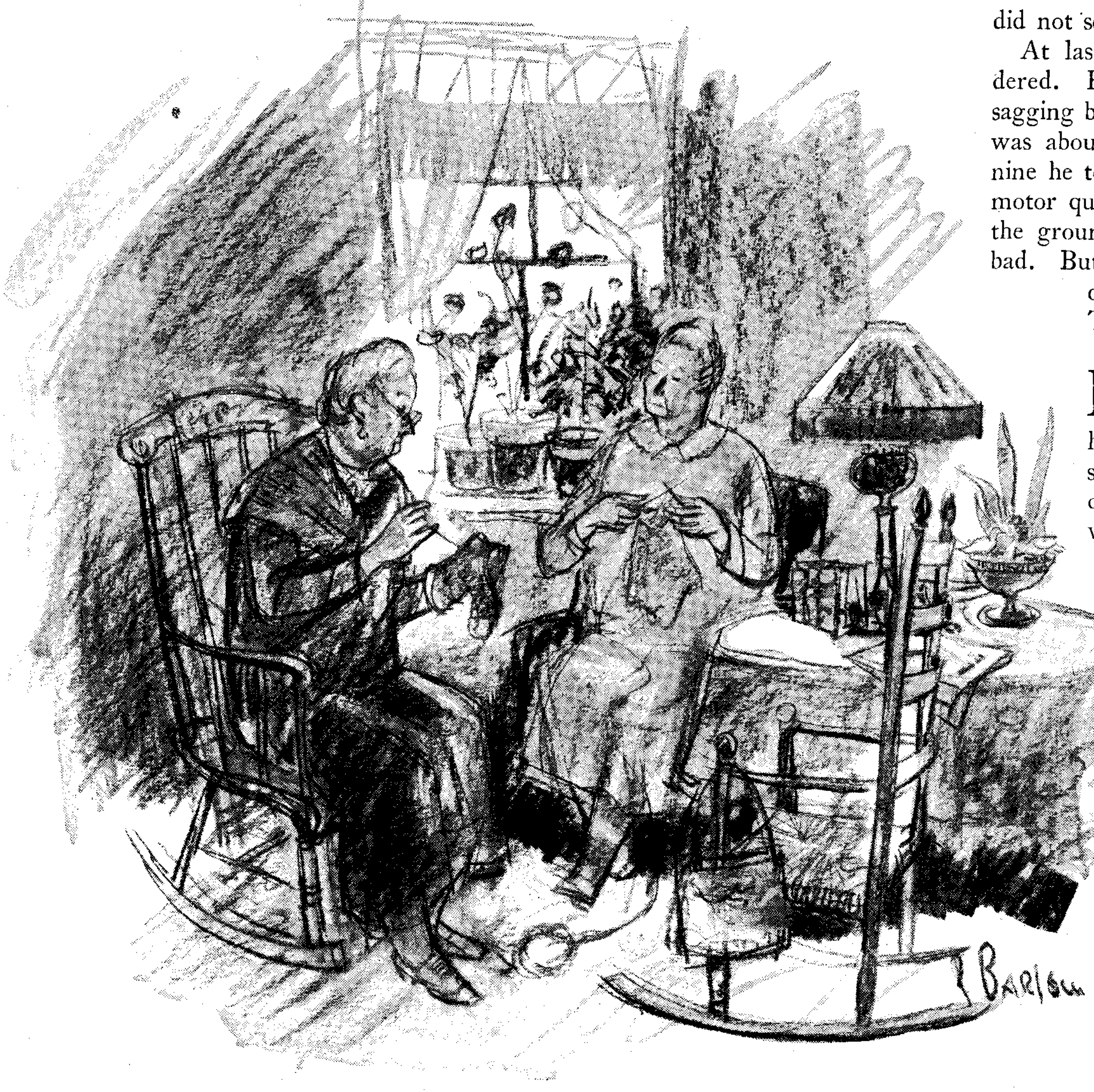
He knew it all, and he went through to the last line. When the three women giggled he did not hear them. The maudlin pall had drooped over him and with his gray face unutterably weary, with his burning eyes and thin hands and his long, bent body animated by some far romantic urge, he rolled the sonorous periods. Then he sang "To the Ladies" in a broken voice.

They chided him, and like hockey-players dribbling a puck they passed between themselves miserable little jokes at his expense. The hotel manager's ruddy face was suffused with the contentment of his grin. Leigh did not see these things.

At last his meagre frame surrendered. He fell tumbling over on the sagging brass bed in a deep sleep. This was about five in the morning. At nine he took the ship off again. The motor quit just as they were clear of the ground and the crash was pretty bad. But nobody was hurt. Leigh got out singing "To the Ladies." The flight was abandoned.

HE died of pneumonia a year later. I think, perhaps, that even with his splendid vanity he would have despised himself for that. It would have suited his highly romantic notions to wind off with the stick in one hand and a bottle in the other, with a dead engine and the wind screaming and the hard mounds of the earth dead ahead. But, on the whole, it is well enough that he is gone. For in these more ordered days the pilots are hired for industry and sobriety. He flew a million miles with a yawp, and he quit almost precisely at the time when yawping went out of date.

—MORRIS MARKEY



"Did you like Paris?"
"Well, yes and no."

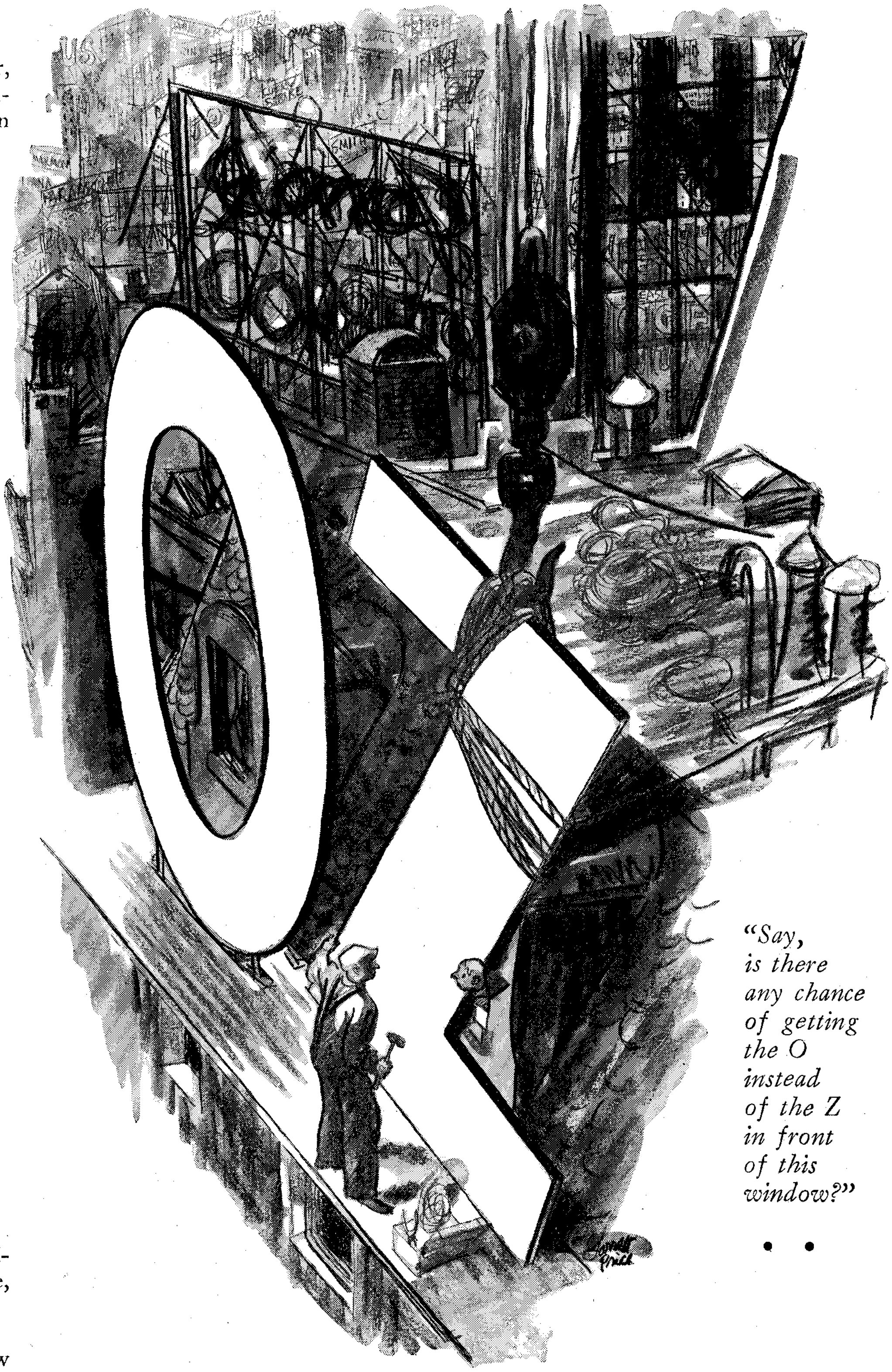
THE GRUMBACH BILL

ON the sixth day of December, 1935, Herbert, the son of Senator Grumbach, was arrested in New York City, two thousand miles from his home. At the moment of his arrest, Mr. Grumbach, Jr., was incapable of speech, because of the hiccups and a certain fogginess of mind. He had no license to drive the automobile in which he was found—whose owner was unknown to him—and in which he had just collided with an old man, another automobile, a lamp-post, and three policemen. On the other hand, the young lady in the car with him easily found words with which to accuse Mr. Grumbach of conduct unbecoming a gentleman. Because of the gravity of the charges against him, the son of Senator Grumbach was held in two hundred and fifty dollars' bail for disorderly conduct.

Upon being informed of these events, the veteran Senator set forth for New York, first giving out a statement to the press in which he placed the blame for these troubles upon Wall Street, the Republican party, and a society in which the individual was allowed to lead his own life.

"My son," he exclaimed, "is innocent, or at least not very guilty; but that is what comes of a system in which everyone is allowed to do as he pleases. We must not forget that this is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people; which means that no one should have the right to do as he likes."

This speech, which caused the stock market to drop a point and three-eighths, aroused great enthusiasm in Kansas, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Nebraska.



"Say, is there any chance of getting the O instead of the Z in front of this window?"

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TWO days after his arrival in New York, and while he was still preparing to visit his unfortunate son, Senator Grumbach paid a visit to the Zoo. There, before a cage containing a family of monkeys, he was visited by that inspiration which was so vitally to affect the appearance of his country.

"Here," he said to himself, watching the monkeys, "is a community in which, one sees at once, there are no capitalists. Neither is there any individualism, as far as one can tell; these monkeys are all equal, what belongs to one belongs to them all, if they can get it. They share, without problems of any kind, these barred walls, the floor, the three perches, the peanuts, and whatever they find upon one another. Even their sorrows and their joys have a community about them which I find very refreshing. If we were all monkeys, we would share this simplicity; there would then be no capital, no labor, no surplus wheat, no unemployment, and no private ownership of utilities."

Striking his forehead with his hand, he exclaimed: "Men have only to become monkeys to do away with all the problems in the world."

And in a dazzled manner he went home, to give out another statement to the press.

THE country received Senator Grumbach's proposal with reserve. Among the zoölogists it was generally held to be impossible for men to turn themselves into monkeys. But Mr. George Bernard Shaw was of the opinion that already a great deal had been done in that direction; an opinion in which he was upheld, in one way or another, by Mr. Dreiser, Bishop Manning, Mrs. Glyn, the entire motion-picture industry, the Anti-Saloon League, M. Coty of France, Soviet Russia, and Tammany Hall.

The newspapers were equally divided; the *American* was in favor of the plan; the *World-Telegram* opposed it; the *Times* was noncommittal; and the *News* wished to say something, but was unable to do so because of the pictures.

American doctors thought it unlikely that even by law the people of the United States could be made to grow tails. Nevertheless, the most forward-looking tailors and dressmakers altered their models so as to make room for a small tail at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The stock of the American Woolen Company went up, and then went down again.

But the Right Reverend Henry Brougham, in a sermon at St. Randolph's, addressed his congregation as follows: "Men were not created equal. It is due to this fact alone that we are able to fill the cathedrals and the more important churches."

And the Reverend M'Pherson of South Hope College, Charity, Tennessee, exclaimed in thunderous tones: "You cannot hide from Hell-fire behind a tail."

On the other hand, Dr. Guthrie gave out as his opinion that some very interesting dances were to be found among the monkeys of Northern Brazil.

In the House and the Senate, the Grumbach Bill did not meet with much opposition. It was widely believed among the legislators that conditions in the country were not very good; and, lacking any better solution, it was felt that Mr. Grumbach's might be tried as well as not.

And the testimony of Mr. Grumbach, Jr., at his trial, that had he been a monkey, none of those accidents would have occurred, had a profound effect upon the Senate.

ON the twenty-ninth day of April, 1936, the Grumbach Bill was passed by both houses, making a monkey of every citizen of the United States. Vetoed by the President, it was passed again by an overwhelming majority, and to the sound of applause.

Two days later every American citizen sprouted a tail.

But this was not considered surprising by European observers.

—Robert Nathan

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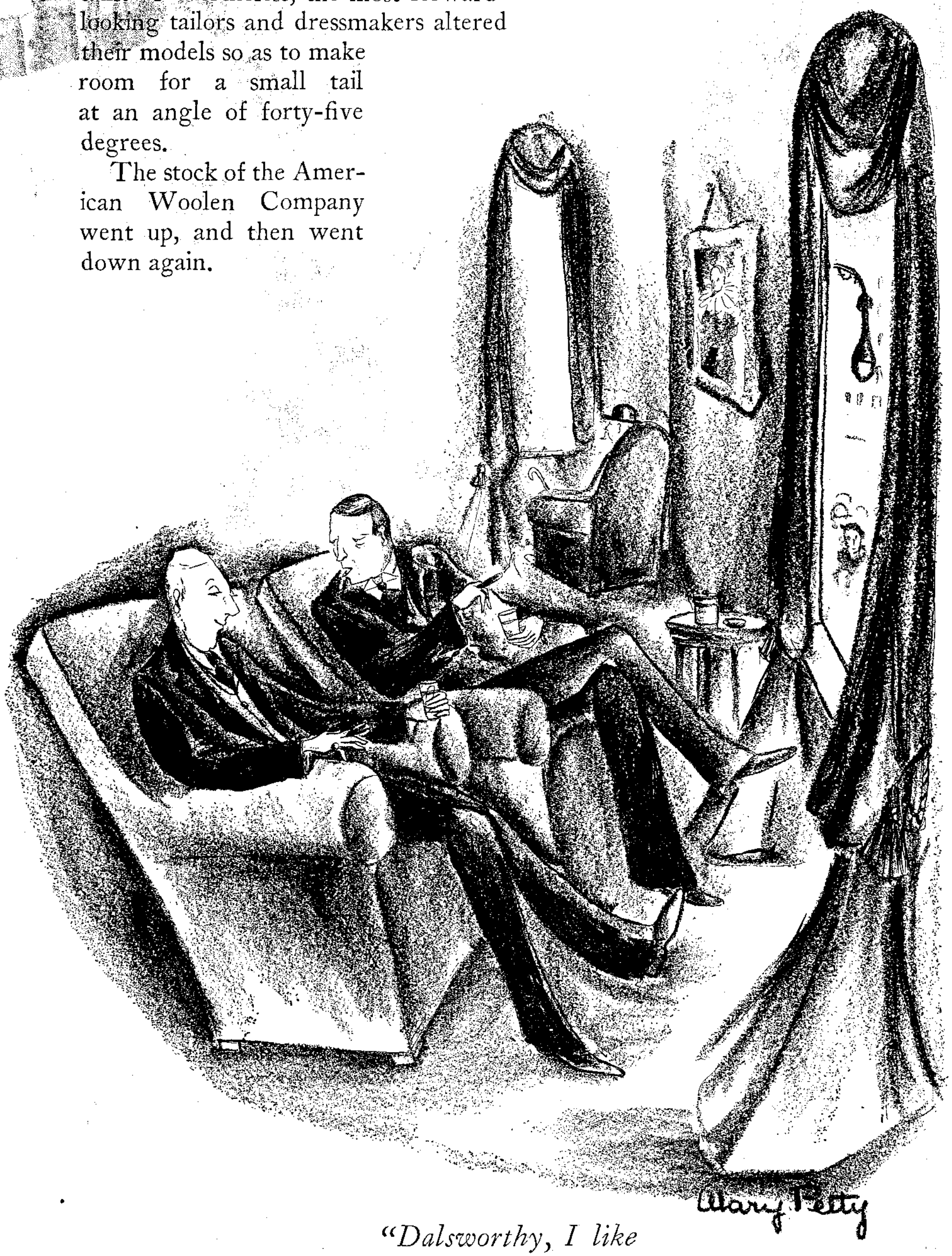


"Dalsworthy, I like you—you laugh at life."

LITTORAL

The bay-leaf juices give a scent
Of sun and sea to sea and sun.
Beneath slow wings by sea birds bent,
The shadows of the sea birds run.

The seethe of sweet salt at the weed
Spills upon mollusc and on snail.
Deep down the sharp-toothed tautogs
feed
Rocked in a silty-colored gale.

The breast, the breathing of the sea
Feeds the marked shoreline's belted
world,
Sea stars and strange lives fixed and
free,
Anemones in bloom and furled.

The sun is warm upon the rocks.
Death's but a mouthful for a mouth
Here where no word of wisdom mocks
The light of north, west, east, or south.

The mollusc knows what house to raise
About his life. He builds that shell
Out of the water, not for praise,
For nothing but to serve him well.

And if the sea's breath, last indrawn,
Should cease, the mollusc, so betrayed,
Would wither on his kelpy lawn
Because in such wise earth was made.

And over all the earth's green chords
Would creep the black dry tints of hell,
Even to the level of men's words.
None would fare better than the shell.

—Raymond Holden

OF ALL THINGS

THIS department herewith throws the weight of its influence in favor of all the proposed one-year holidays: debt, naval, cotton, and Coolidge.

•

Mayor Walker has an opportunity which every returned traveller will envy. Judge Seabury wants to hear all about the trip.

•

The truculence of the British tar when threatened with a wage cut follows sound tradition. Every Gilbertian knows that this should be his customary attitude.

•

There are persistent reports from Washington that the President will favor beer. The sad truth seems to be that legal beer is no nearer than just around the corner.

•

Jim Watson tells us we needn't worry about the Treasury as long as Uncle Andy Mellon is at the helm. Does this mean that our rich uncle is going to make up the loss out of his own pocket?

•

Probably Gandhi is right in feeling that he would be regarded as a social curiosity if he came to America. Any statesman who remains silent one day in every week would not be understood here.

•

Now the bothersome question arises: what to do about wine bricks? It is all right to sell them but it is wrong to tell why.

•

In an interview in London, Jimmie Walker said: "I am not running for any office." Many here feel that he could have omitted the word "for."

•

The Administration feels that it does us no good to make the situation sound worse than it is. Persons intending to do overemphasizing should stick to football.

•

It strikes us that Mr. Hoover ought to find a good place somewhere for his fellow-Californian, Ellsworth Vines. The young man is at his best when getting licked.

•

Films are easier on the eyes than books, says Dr. Park Leevis of Buffalo. And as for the strain on the mind, sometimes you could hardly notice it at all.

•

Many patriotic citizens, we hear, are planning to go to Yorktown to celebrate the surrender of Cornwallis and the State Department.

•

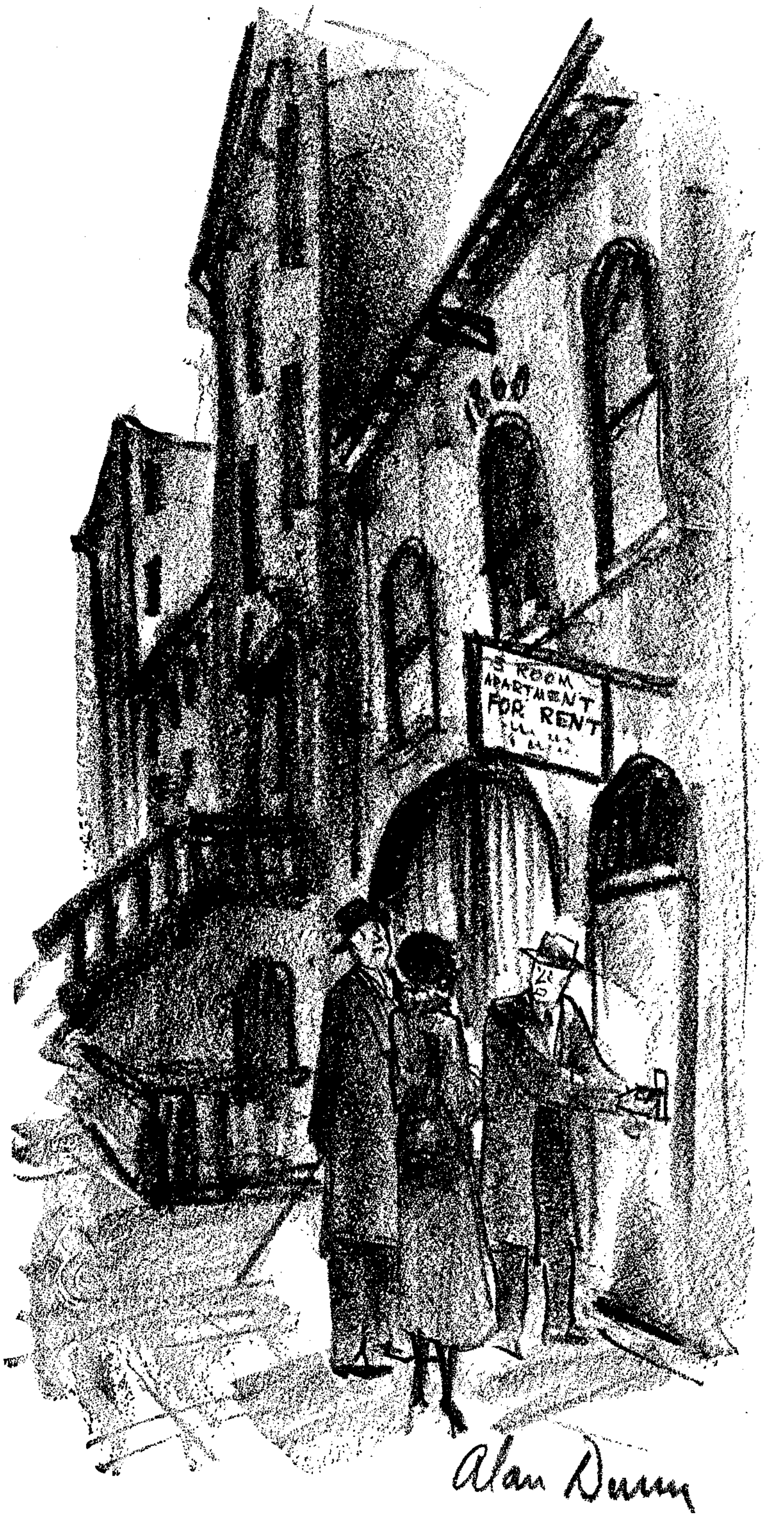
From Notre Dame comes the annual report that the team's prospects for the season are not bright. That is one way you can tell it is still September.

•

Major-General Harbord asks the Legion boys not to disgrace themselves by holding out the tin cup. They had better be remembered for their tin hats.

•

An Italian restaurant in the Wall Street district quotes spaghetti at five cents a mile. Possibly by the time this is printed you can get it for four and seven-eighths. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



"This isn't an ordinary apartment. The Astors used to keep their horses here."

THE THEATRE

LOTS BUT NOT MUCH

THERE have been plenty of plays opening lately, but the general effect is that of a play shortage. The ones that are running just don't seem to register as being current. People rush on and off the stage, and the curtain goes up and down, but all these activities give the impression of being more manifestations of nervousness than a part of any preconceived plan to present a drama of some sort. For the sake of keeping my faith in the Theatre, I am making believe that the new season hasn't opened yet.

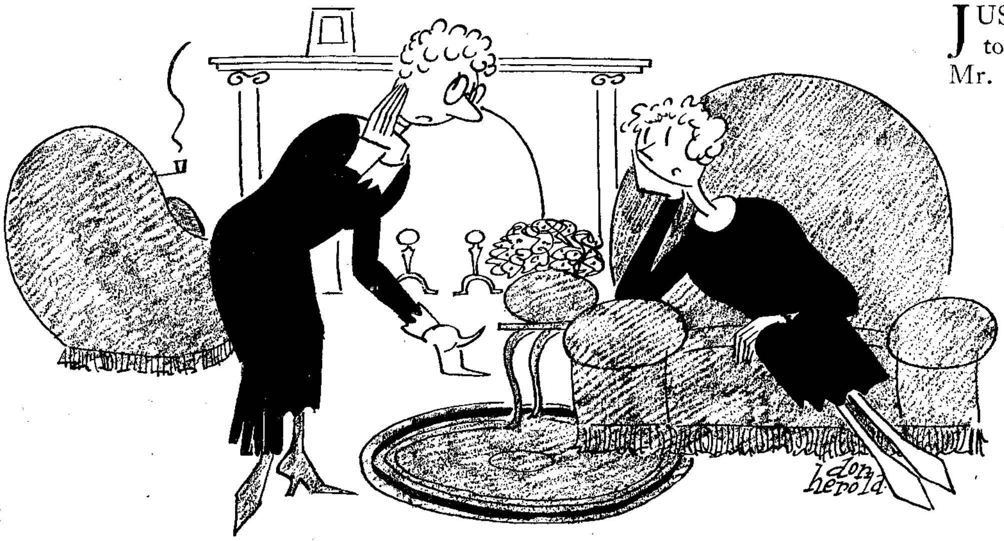
OF course, there is Mr. White's "Scandals," and a good, thoroughgoing show it is, too. There is nothing startling about it, but, while it is going on, you get the feeling of having a good time, which is, I suppose, practically the same thing as *having* a good time. The music is nice, although in view of Mr. White's little unpleasantness with Messrs. Brown and Henderson, the composers, perhaps he would rather not have people talk about the music too much. The dancing is expert, if not particularly novel, and Ray Bolger does some much-needed kidding of certain types of personality hoofers. There is Ethel Merman, with a new set of gestures and a voice which excites without embarrassing, and, bearing out a suspicion which I have always had, a highly pleasing and unassuming young man by the name of Rudy Vallée. Whoever it was that advised Mr. Vallée to show himself in person to his radio audience did him a good turn, for with one appearance he has put to rout that army of male detractors who have for so long been assuring lady friends that their affections were misplaced. Mr. Vallée also sings well.

Eugene Howard and his brother Willie are back together again and, while the net result is the same as it was when Willie was alone, it is a pretty comical result if you happen to like Willie. As the years go by I like Willie more and more, especially in moods like the one in which he tells about his lion-hunting expedition where he bagged a lion. "I bagged him and bagged him to go away," he says, giving one of those deprecatory shrugs which practically project him bodily out into the audience. It is a funny thing about those shrugs of Mr. Howard's that they never, by any chance, express an emotion which fits what he has just said. Whether his remark calls for a shrug or not, he gives it with a will, as if to say: "What can you do?," with the result that a strong tinge of fatalism colors his whole performance and gives him the appearance of a man who has long since given up this unequal struggle with Life.

Profiting perhaps by the scorn levelled at Mr. Carroll for his nasty jesting, Mr. White has gone over his own material with a sponge until it presents a fairly decent appearance, although there are several places behind the ears where he forgot to wash. Everett Marshall's grand-opera voice lends considerable dignity to the occasion and heightens the effect of respectability and general class, although somebody ought to stop the finale of the first act when Mr. Marshall finishes singing "That's Why Darkies Were Born" the first time and before the white angels are discovered in the background. The white angels do *not* help.

MISS MAE WEST'S current tidbit, "The Constant Sinner," is no more and no less than you would expect from Miss West. Those serious-minded critics who hailed her in "Diamond Lil" as the great American actress-playwright did both her and her public a disservice, for Miss West evidently believes it and has fed upon it until she has reached an almost insupportable satisfaction with her own powers and personality. Duse herself could not have filled the stage with such an aura of complete success and confidence as that which Miss West gives off, with the result that there are moments when the play does not progress at all. Not that it makes much difference whether "The Constant Sinner" progresses or does not, but there is a certain tough entertainment value in Miss West's dramas which might possibly be turned to some good use were it not for the heavy personality tax it has to bear.

JUST as Miss West allows her Art to interfere with her acting, so does Mr. Chester Erskin let his skill as a director crowd his little play out into the pit. "I Love an Actress" is an unpretentious trifle from Budapest which has been staged as if it were "Ben Hur." I don't suppose that we should complain when a thing has been done so well that it almost hurts, but Budapest comedies in translation are precious enough as they are, without adding a preciosity in production, and the least that Mr. Erskin could have done with "I Love an Actress" would have been to ease it in without paying much attention to it. Mr. Mielziner, too, has given his all, de-



"If we don't go to the movies, your father will grow reminiscent."

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for evening sandals!

Solving the new problem of what to do about this season's revealingly cut-out sandals. The more the foot shows, the smarter . . And so, this new Aphrodite evening stocking with transparent foot. Doing away with the usual opaqueness of heel and sole. Casting a sheen, a mist of illusion . . flattering yet unseen!

The Aphrodite 2-thread, 51 gauge hose. In two tones. Twilight, Dawn, 2.95. Three pairs, 8.50

●

STOCKINGS, ON LEFT AS YOU ENTER FROM 57TH ST.

signing a railway terminal for the last act which is so good that you don't care what the characters are saying—which is lucky, because they aren't saying much. I am usually an easy prey for Mr. Mielziner's powers of suggestion, but I confess that I did not understand the spiral abdomens which he saw fit to erect as a pillar in what was mentioned on the program as "The Salon of Eva Sandor." The whole production was so massive to look at, and so tiny to listen to.

Miss Muriel Kirkland showed herself a real little actress by dropping her old missy-talk and swinging into a straightforward manner which, while it did not particularly suggest the great stage figure she was supposed to be, at any rate was easy and graceful. Walter Abel and Ernest Glendinning took care of the two actress-lovers nicely and, although Mr. Percy Hammond claims the distinction of being the only critic old enough to experience a sweet sadness at seeing Etienne ("Charley's Aunt") Girardot in a small bit, I must confess to having been a theatregoer in his heyday, albeit as a small and rather unattractive youth. "I Love an Actress" is pleasant entertainment, mind you, but not quite good enough to live up to its setting.

ONCE again I seem to have been a pushover for a show which was greeted with indifference by the steadier critics. What I saw of "Fast and Furious," the new colored revue, I liked, with certain important reservations. I say "what I saw" because, during the last weeks of the hay-fever season, seeing is one of the major problems in carrying on the daily routine. Now that the hay-fever season is over (knock, knock), I think that we are all going to be happier. I feel that we are going to have better plays and I am sure that you all are going to have better little articles about them on this page. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

●

Miss Alice Ayers, 21, 3111 Norman Avenue, and Francis W. Mumaugh, 21, 3301 North Fourteenth Avenue, were married by Rev. Charles W. Savidge Friday night. It was the 6,308th marriage service that Rev. Savidge has read.

Mrs. Mumaugh was the daughter of the late Dr. Albert Ayers, Omaha veterinary. He purchased the pony belonging to Pat Crowe which Crowe rode the night he kidnapped Ed Cudahay, years ago, and Mrs. Mumaugh rode it daily during her childhood.—*Omaha World Herald.*

Well, she's married now.

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"Oh, I don't . . . ."

"Now halt that blush, old jemmy. It's not your elegant appeal that does it. It's the jaunty seats you always manage to shovel up. If Bob and Wally and the rest would only learn that Bascom address . . . ."

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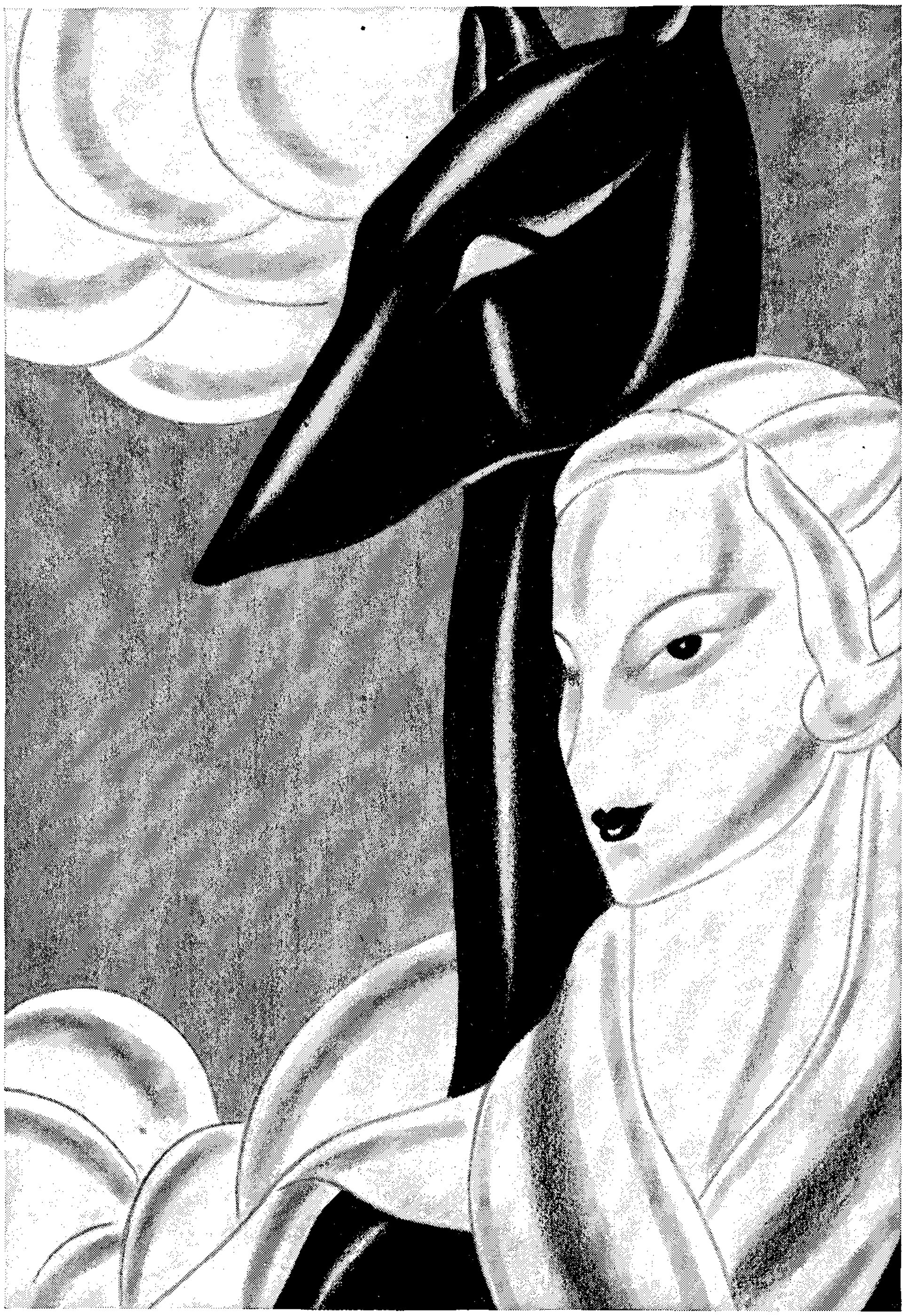
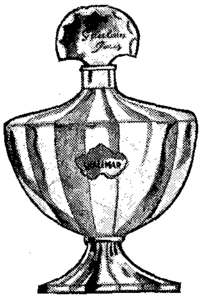
THEATRE TICKETS
BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

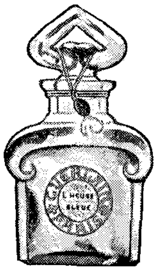


ELEGANCE IS FLOWER AND FLAME

She who is herself exquisite is ever seeking fresh alliances with elegance. For the flower and flame of elegance light her charm with new colors unceasingly. So it is that she delights in perfume, that most delicate of all her caprices. For this precious gift she murmurs her gratitude to Guerlain, who has wrought for her the most enchanting miracles in scents. They enfold her in moods of beauty. She moves to the regal measure of Shalimar, slow and suave. She breathes, with L'Heure Bleue, the fragrance of the lyric blue hour, when Paris renounces day, to be claimed by night. She strives to guess the enigma of the modern, the moving Liu . . . can it be sorrow? And the Shalimar-scented powder, the lipsticks Guerlain provides! . . . She rejoices in the access of elegance these small things bestow. Creations so supreme in beauty come only from Guerlain. For the art of Guerlain has been ennobled by an hundred mounting years, so that perfection now comes in the course of nature.



LIU
GUERLAIN



Shalimar is $12.50 and $25 . . . . Liu is $30 . . . . . and L'Heure Bleue is $5 and $15.

GUERLAIN

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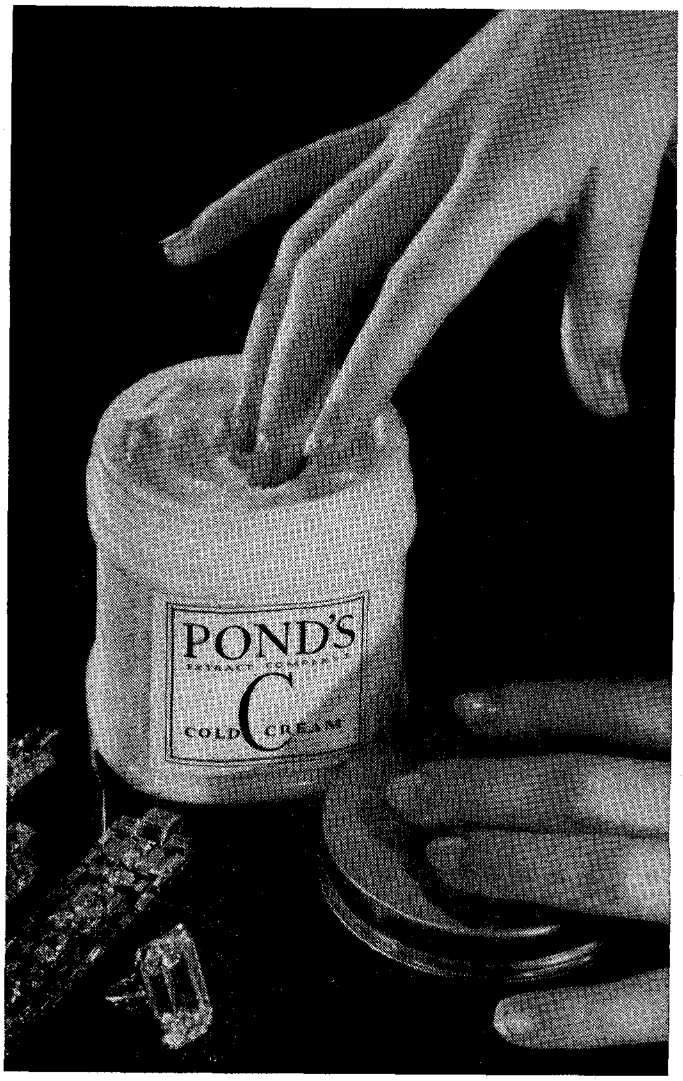
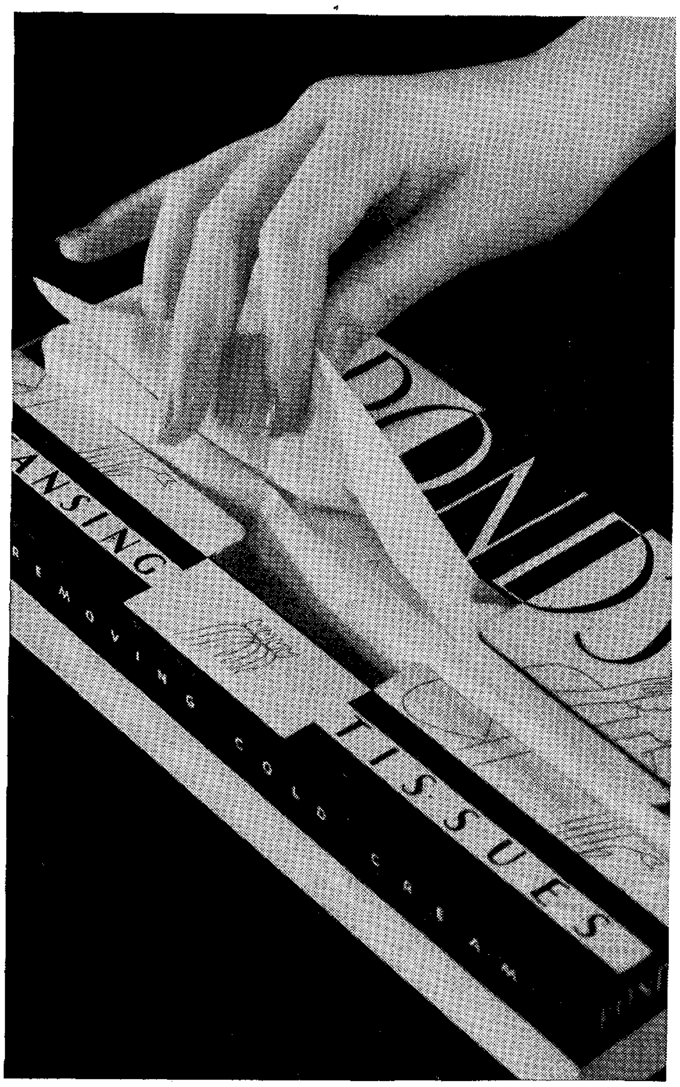
Princesses, duchesses, marchionesses, ladies of proud old foreign title . . . patrician leaders of society in our own America . . . they share one birthright of race and breeding . . . beautiful skin, flawless as gem-cut diamonds . . . To these women, to all women, as Lady Violet Astor says,



1 Pond's Cold Cream is the first step in the Pond's Method. *Generously apply as often as needed during the day,* always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.



2 To wipe away the cream swiftly, completely, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues. White or peach color. They are so much *softer* and half again more absorbent by laboratory test. They whisk away all cream and with it every vestige of dirt, make-up and powder, leaving your skin immaculate.

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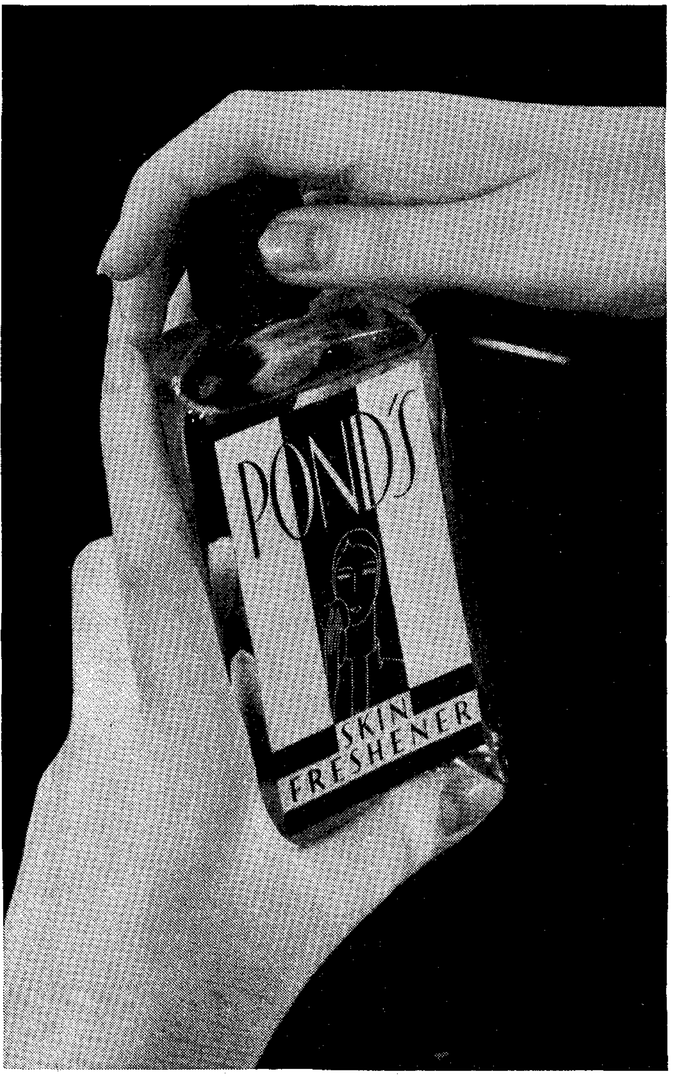
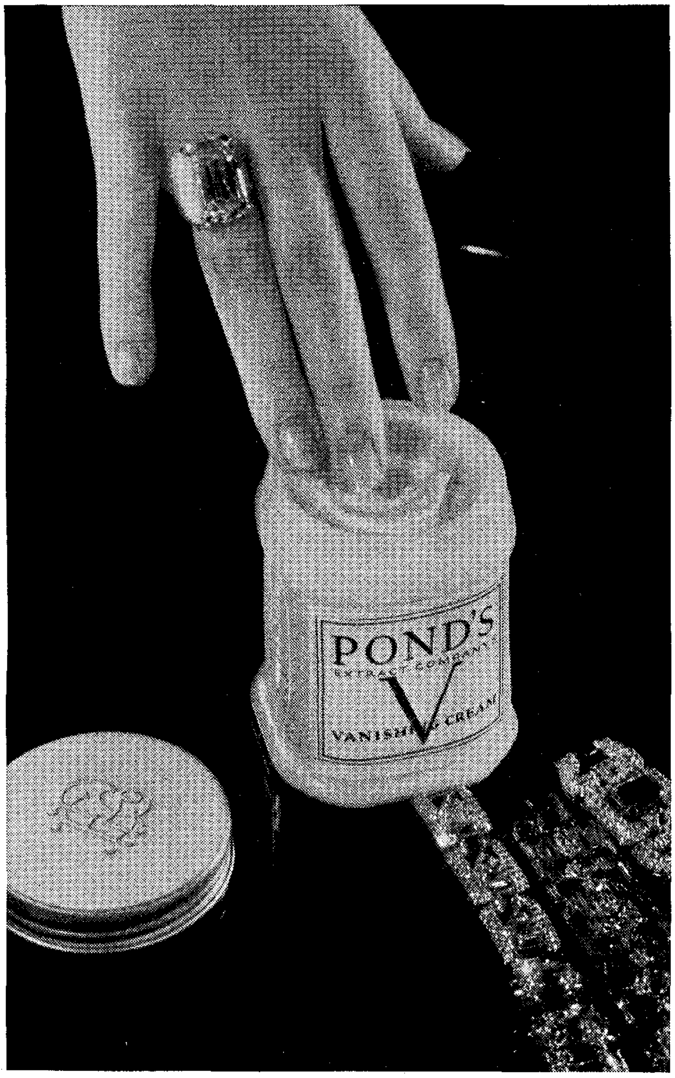


3 To tone and firm the skin and keep the pores fine, Pond's Skin Freshener is indispensable. When you have wiped away the cream, wet a pad of cotton with Freshener and do a brisk little tap dance all over the cleansed skin. This banishes oiliness and "shiny nose" and makes you look eighteen!



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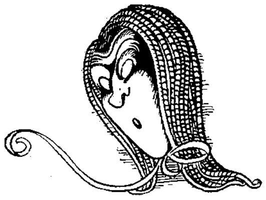
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



FRANK HARRIS

WHEN I read in the cabled obituaries that the cantankerous Frank Harris had spent his last months writing a biography of his erstwhile hireling, Bernard Shaw, I found myself thinking of the last time I ever saw that stormy petrel. It was in the summer of 1928. I had known him first when he was spending the war years here in resentful exile from the London of his lost heyday, lecturing angrily on Shakespeare to sparse audiences at the St. Regis and, after failing to persuade any publisher to sponsor his life of Wilde, putting it out himself with money advanced by Otto Kahn. His carefully plastered hair and his bushy moustache were of a blackness suspect in a man already sixty. There was a distinct air of skullduggery about him, and he looked like nothing in this world so much as a riverboat card-shark of a bygone day.

Then a dozen years later I went to call upon him in his frowsy flat on the Cimiez Hill in Nice, where he was coming to the end of his days, and had come, I think, to the end of his rope. He was surrounded by bits of Roman statuary unearthed in ruins thereabouts and these disputed what space there was with unsold stacks of his own more contraband works, from which any caller might purchase as many volumes as he could carry away. I had a feeling that if he had lived on a New England highway, he would have kept a small roadside stand to tempt the passing motorist with home-made pornography—smoking hot. He was a frail and frightened old man then with the scorn gone out of his voice and pathetically glad to see any caller to whom he could talk of the great days when, in the nineties, he had edited the *Saturday Review* in London, and launched Shaw as a dramatic critic at six pounds a week. What was left of his hair was still firmly black, and with his high, shiny collar, his striped, starched shirt-front, and his tan shoes with uppers of white velour, he looked more like a Mississippi gambler than ever. But his youthfulness had something synthetic and implausible about it. One had the uneasy notion that he was being held together by adhesive tape and might come apart at any minute.

SHAW was much on his mind just then, for every issue of the Nice *Éclaireur* was agitated by the circumstance that the great Socialist was spending his vacation on the Riviera that summer. Each arriving train disgorged a French journalist hurrying, *porte-plume réservoir* in hand, in quest of an interview, and the hostess of every villa on the azure coast tossed under her rented *moustiquaire* in night-long speculation as to how she could get Bernard Shaw to come to dinner. Harris knew that his whilom colleague had already been stopping for three weeks at a little hotel at Antibes less than an hour's motor-ride away along the white road to Marseilles, but he had not yet come to pay his respects to his old chief.

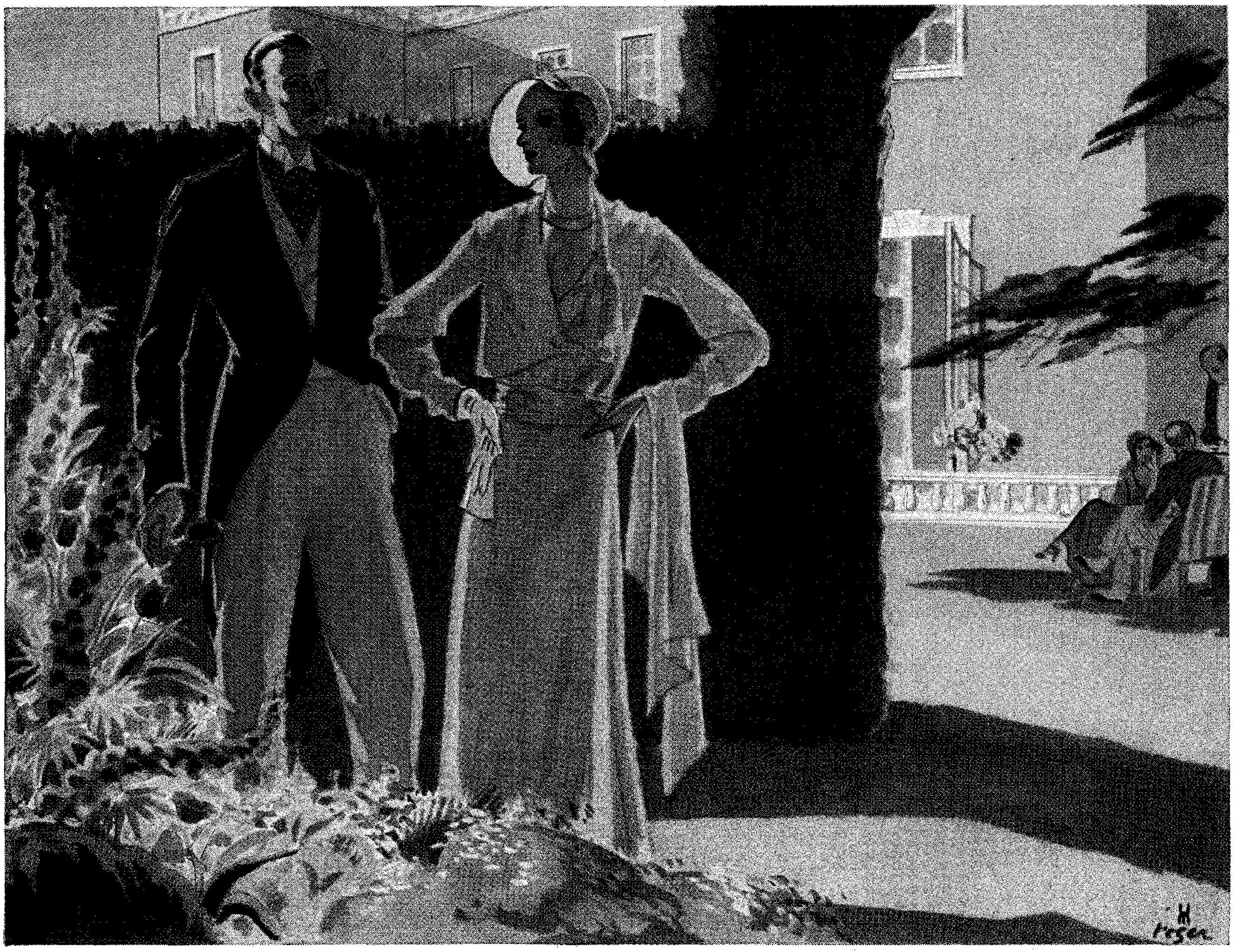
It was easy to see that this hurt Harris grievously and that he ascribed the neglect to the influence of the disapproving Mrs. Shaw who, as a form of literary criticism, had been known to burn one of Harris's later works in the Shavian fireplace at Adelphi Terrace. Wherefore there was a gleam of malice in his reminiscence of the days when Shaw was courting "the Irish millionairess with green eyes." Shaw's already published letters of that period are full of indecision on the subject of the ample Miss Townshend, and I remember Harris's twinkling account of the actual proposal. In those days Shaw was a passionate cyclist, and as he was also uncommonly brittle, one or another of his valuable bones was usually in splints. One such catastrophe of the highway deposited him in front of Miss Townshend's home with a broken leg.

"Well," Harris said, "there he lay being nursed within an inch of his life and simply terrified by a conviction that if he lingered another day in that softening atmosphere, he would ask the woman to marry him. So before he had learned how to manage his crutches, he attempted flight. But he slipped on the top step and crashed to the bottom, not only breaking his fool leg again, but cracking the other as well. The next thing he knew, his fair protectress was engulfing him in her solicitude. He had just strength enough left to lift his head and murmur 'Will you marry me?' 'Yes,' she said. Then he fainted. And that," said Harris, "was that."

I WAS glad to hear later that Shaw did manage to get over to the Cimiez Hill before he went back to England, and that he and Harris spent an afternoon in exuberant disputation. It must have been then that he agreed to supply some data for the present biography, and I know that, within the past few weeks, he, himself, has been going over the proofs. I find myself wondering in what parts of pity, amusement, irritation, and affection his thoughts were compounded when he went away from that meeting in Nice—two men saying goodbye to each other for the last time. I am sure he must have noticed this at least—that the scalawag Harris had carried one thing into exile with him which neither his own wild folly and arrogance nor the world's malignance could take from him. It was a talisman which could have clothed even prison walls with such glowing tapestries as never loom produced, and filled the meanest garret with such music as not even Otto the Magnificent can command for his feasts. I mean his knowledge of the world's great poetry and his undying love for it. To this he was faithful. Its presence made a priest of him.

I remember that while we sat at tea that afternoon in Nice, he started to illustrate a point by quoting from "Antony and Cleopatra." But the argument was forgotten, for the sheer music of the line seduced him. With eyes half closed, he went on with the scene, speaking each verse with a voice that had an ancient magic in it. In no time, he had forgotten that I was there, and I felt I ought to take my hat and slip out of the temple unnoticed. If I did not do so, it may have been because I knew that when he came back to earth, he would be excessively vexed to find that I had got away without a parcel of books.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



"But thy eternal summer shall not fade."—SHAKESPEARE

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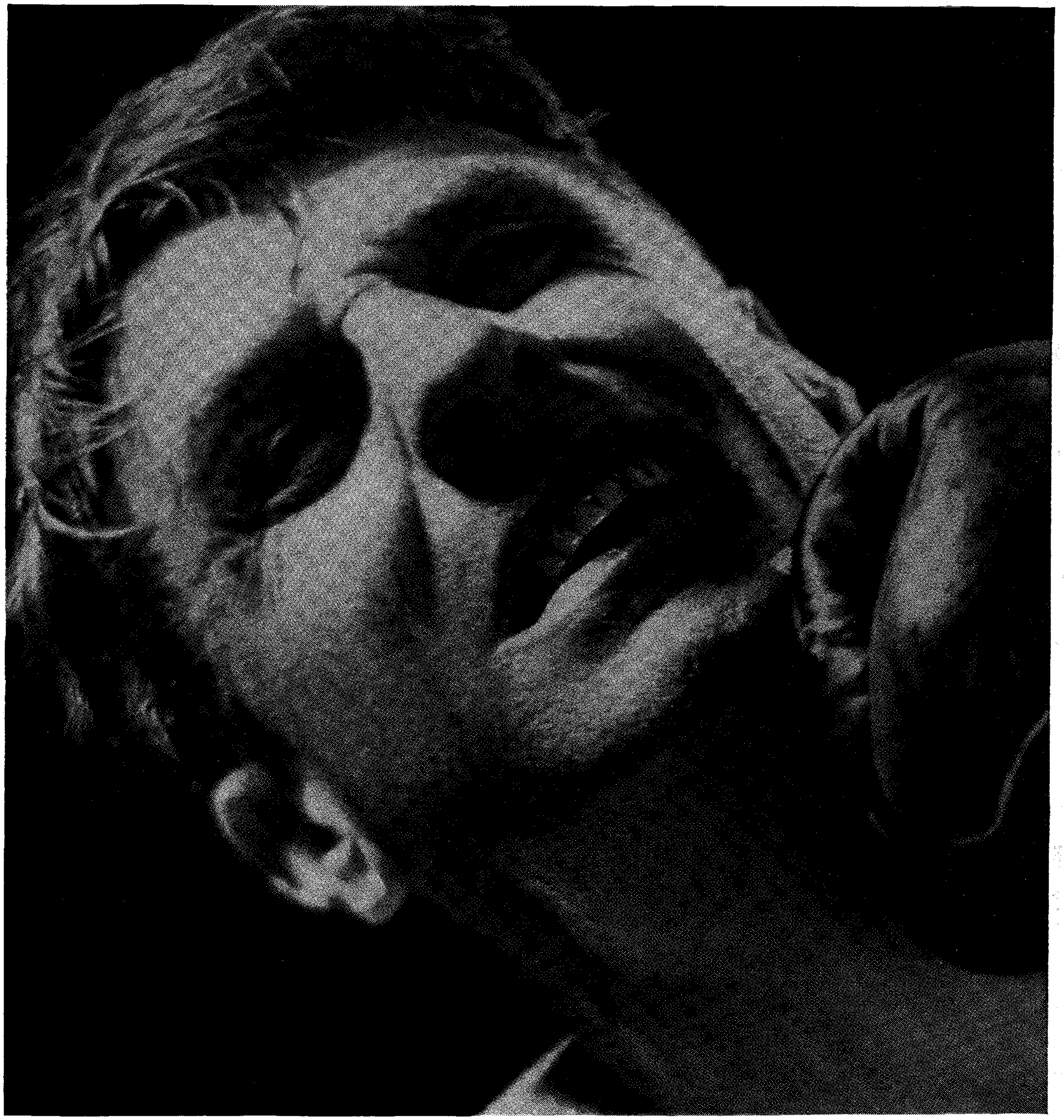
There is an English garden where a hundred golden odours fill the air; where roses and jasmin and honeysuckle mingle with exotic blossoms from the East . . . and where the summer wind, blowing across, distills an unforgettable fragrance. . . . Orchis recreates that fragrance, blending, like the wind, those iridescent perfumes in one bouquet. Orchis is poetry, or melody, or a bit of the starlit sky . . . a perfume for a lady, in an age that believes, once again, in ladies. . . . Orchis may be had from seven dollars and a half to one dollar. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 452 Fifth Avenue, New York; in London, at 33, Old Bond Street; also Toronto and Paris.

The fire alarm that never



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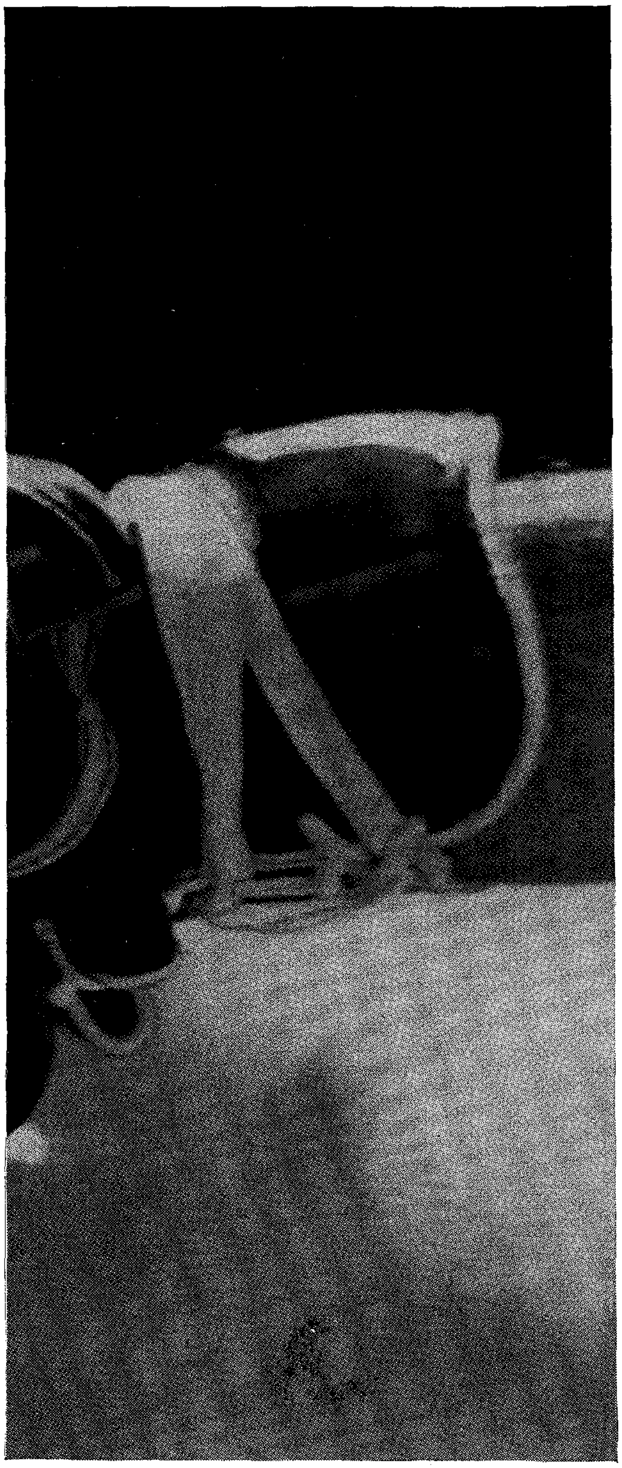

[LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM]

A Scripps-Howard editor dropped in to the fights one night at a boxing club in his city.

•

His eye saw spectators packed into every corner and cranny of the hall. Jamming the aisles. Cramming the exits. Not a fireman in sight. And a perfect fire trap.

•

His mind's eye saw the holocaust that could happen in the small flame of one careless match.

•

He saw, in his mind's eye, the desperate rush of fire engines, sirens screaming. He saw the mad, trampling, helpless crowds in their hopeless fight to escape. He saw black headlines, and bleak faces scanning the casualty lists beneath them. He thought of the files of his newspaper and the fires recorded there, gray records of red disaster.

•

He left the fights. And started a fight of his own. And didn't pull his punches.

•

An editorial fight for public safety. For fire regulation enforcement. So that a citizen could take an evening's amusement without taking his life in his hands.

•

There isn't any news in a fire that never happened. But the editor held to the Scripps-Howard belief that, while a newspaper serves by purveying news, it serves equally by preventing it . . . should that news be bad news, and preventable.

•

There isn't much excitement in a fire alarm that never rang. But he believed that a newspaper's duty is often akin to the Chinese doctor's who is paid for keeping his patients safe and well. For prevention, rather than for cure.

•

There isn't much excitement in this whole recital. The only thing in that city that flamed was the editor's editorials. But quietly, surely, and completely, they made a city safer for its citizens.

•

And, judging by the standing of Scripps-Howard Newspapers in the cities they serve, there isn't much doubt about the citizen appreciation — and response to news, editorial and advertising columns, alike.

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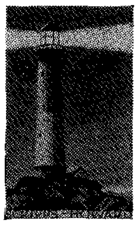
SAN FRANCISCO	*News*	TOLEDO	*News-Bee*
WASHINGTON	*News*	COVINGTON	*Kentucky Post*

—*Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*



COLUMBUS	*Citizen*	FORT WORTH	*Press*
AKRON	*Times-Press*	OKLAHOMA CITY	*News*
BIRMINGHAM	*Post*	KNOXVILLE	*News-Sentinel*
MEMPHIS	*Press-Scimitar*	EL PASO	*Herald-Post*
HOUSTON	*Press*	SAN DIEGO	*Sun*
YOUNGSTOWN	*Telegram*	EVANSVILLE	*Press*

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MO-L-22
TRADE
MARK
CONTENTS 12 FL.OZ
Budweiser
Choicest Cereals and Hops
Anheuser-Busch Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.

Going strong in 1870 and ever since

Good sport and good company, good food and good drink—these are just matters of good taste. ¶ Because it always fitted so easily and naturally into the scheme of good living, BUDWEISER was known for generations as the king of bottled beers. ¶ Discriminating appetites today choose BUDWEISER with meals, because they know that nothing makes a dish more appetizing or heightens its flavors better than this delicious brew. ¶ Whether it be with a ham sandwich or a full course dinner, BUDWEISER tastes better with food and food tastes better with BUDWEISER.

Bottled exclusively by Anheuser-Busch in the largest and finest bottling plant in the world

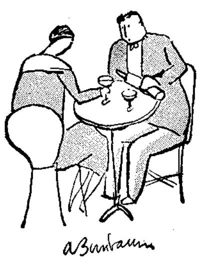
ANHEUSER BUSCH · ST. LOUIS

BUSCH
EXTRA DRY

And when you want ginger ale . . . BUSCH EXTRA DRY, *America's finest ginger ale, fits every occasion—in the home, at the club, for dancing and dining, for old and young of both sexes.*

PARIS LETTER

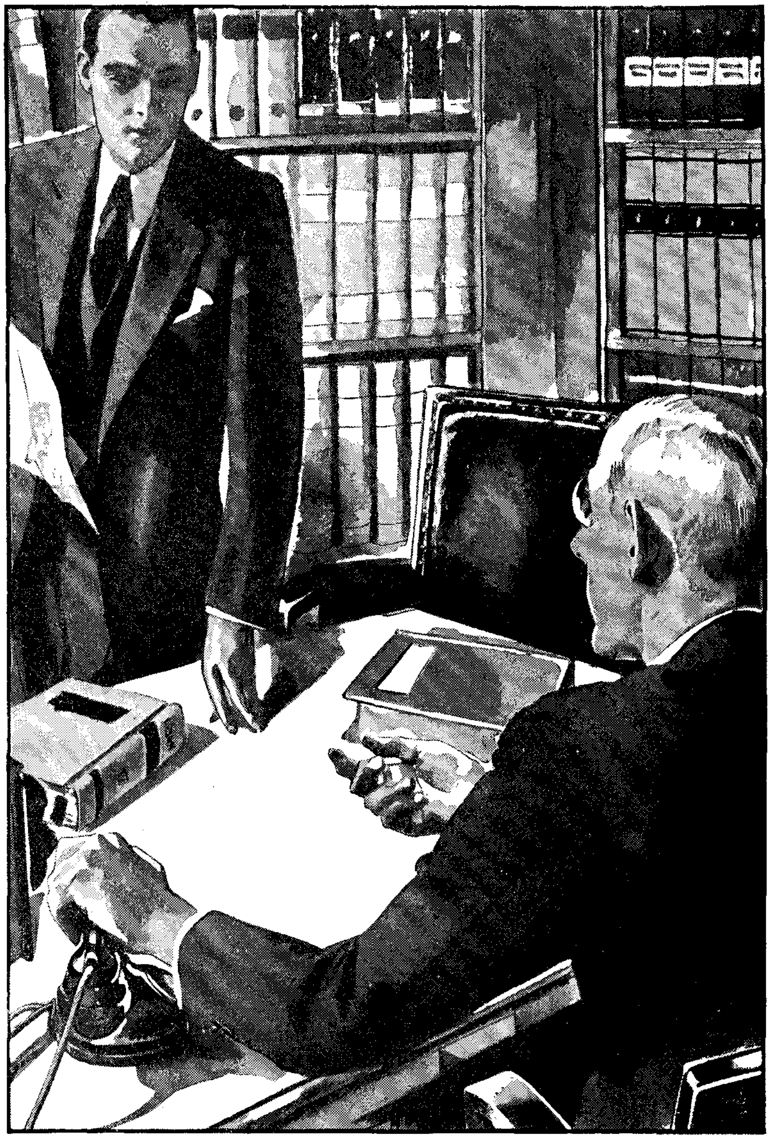
PARIS, SEPT. 16



THE 1931 autumnal theatrical season has started, and the difficulty so far is not to confuse it with the 1930 autumnal theatrical season. Or with the 1929 theatrical season. Plays that must be fine, upstanding novelties, since they have been standing up for some time, are being pulled into the calcium light again, and doubtless people will be found to pay money to see "Knock," "Donogoo," "Marius," "La Veuve Joyeuse," and "Pile ou Face," though they must be first-nighters who have spent the past few seasons in the country. Some guaranteed new pieces have been announced, and by gentlemen unknown to the box office: "Le Taciturne," by Roger Martin du Gard, for instance, and "La Loi d'Amour," by Bernanose. As for the older hands, Giraudoux is reported to have a manuscript ready, and Bourdet's new stock-exchange drama has been bought by Reinhardt for Berlin, before it has been staged in Paris, or even given a name.

The circuses, which have been hard put to it to keep their hats in the ring, have announced new policies: the Médrano is going to go modern by reviving what it invented forty years ago—*la revue sur la piste*, an old Parisian mixture of animal acts, elaborate costumes, general ballyhoo, and malicious topical songs that used to keep the public in its place night after night. Among music halls, the Scala is going to return to music, and the Eden is going to reopen in the vast hall it is building; the Embassy will concentrate on cabaret, and the Empire will continue trying to find, weekly, someone strong enough to take the place of Jeanette MacDonald—the first seller-out of the season.

HOWEVER, what is more important than what one is going to see, which varies little, is what it's going to cost, which, when all's said and done, will also probably vary little. Still, the managers state that they are positively going to reduce prices twenty per cent—provided the current practice of selling cut-rate tickets is abolished. Well, perhaps we shouldn't have gone into



"THAT LONDON CALL GIVES US JUST THE DATA WE NEED"

AN ATTORNEY in Wilmington, Delaware, was doing legal work for a company in London. A question arose that could be decided only by a personal discussion with one of the company's officers in England. But the question had to be answered immediately. So he telephoned. In the space of minutes, the matter was settled.

Professional men and business executives find Overseas Telephone Service a swift, personal and comprehensive means for communicating with people in Europe, South America and Australia. The charge for a 3-minute conversation from New York and nearby points to London or Buenos Aires is $30; Paris, $33.75; Berlin, $35.25; Madrid or Rome, $36; Australia, $45. From other American cities, slightly more. Just ask for Long Distance.

OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

NAZIMOVA

"I am

NAZIMOVA
Who would guess looking at these recent photographs that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House,* became a favorite of the screen in such hits as *Salome,* and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard.*

SAYS, "I am over 40 years old!"

Famous stage and screen star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"ONLY the woman who *looks* it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

Nazimova is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

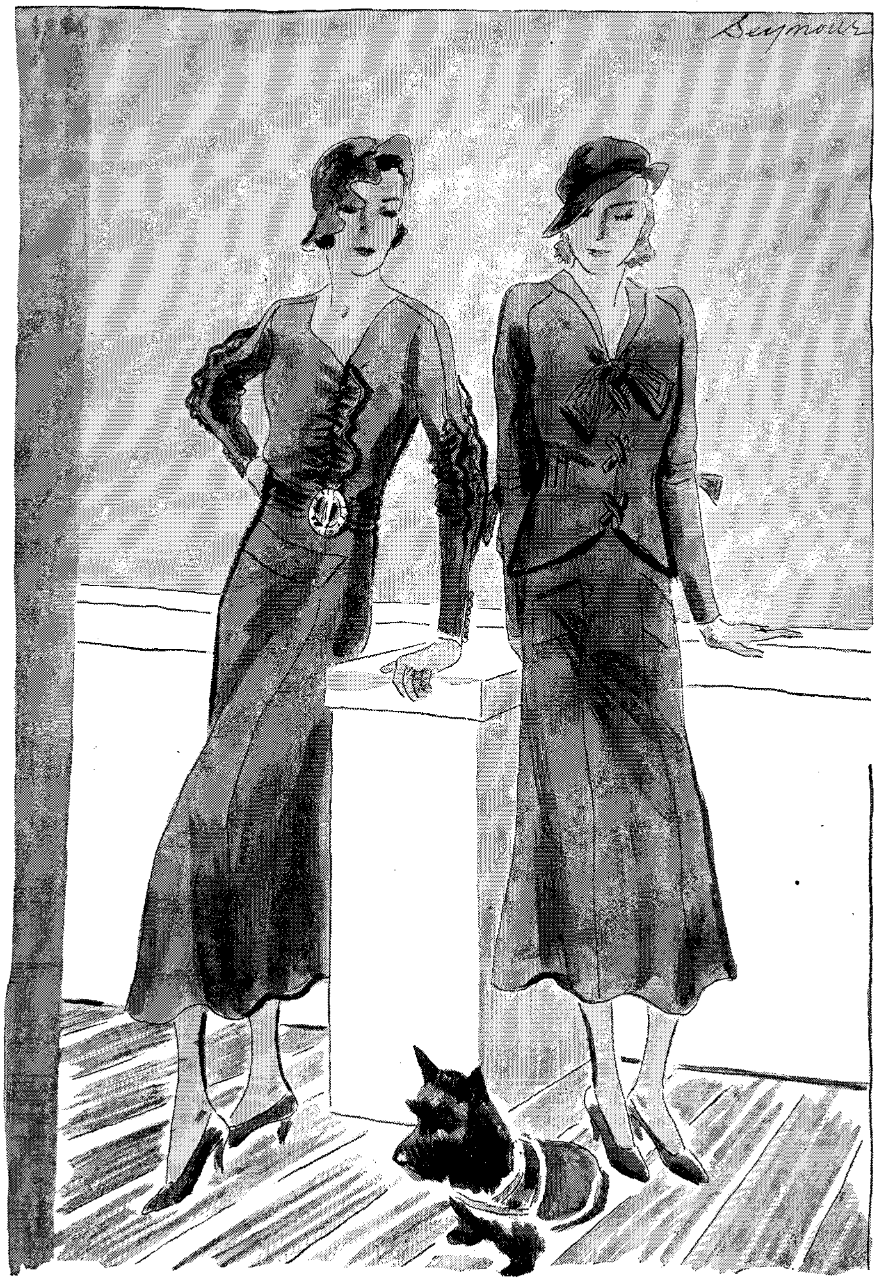
In Hollywood, actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap regularly.

Well does the beautiful *Nazimova* know how unimportant birthdays can be. She says: "A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York



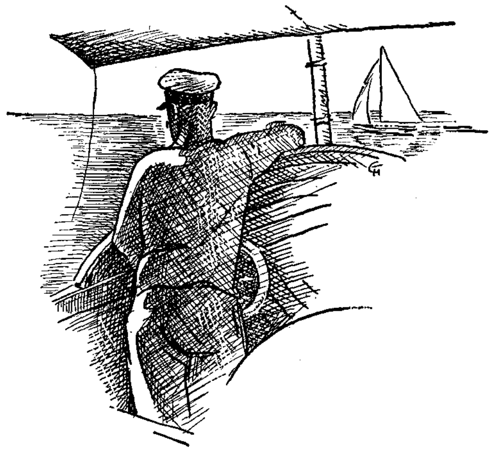
WE'RE smart at being thrifty because we've been practising what we preach for years. For instance, fashions like these at $27.75. On the left, an adaptation of Lucile Paray, in canton crepe. On the right, a two-piece wool dress adapted from Chanel. Each frock comes in misses' sizes, in the important new colors—and each is only $27.75

THIRD FLOOR

this item at all, but merely covered it by the brief statement: Bad Business Going On As Usual.

AS a matter of fact, the French theatre lost its position and authority so many years ago that it no longer even advertises in the hope of getting either back. In manner it is Hohenzollern, compared to the modern German stage; in material it is Romanoff, compared to the ultra-modern Russian stage. As for talent, its freshest element is old Bernstein, who once wrote "Le Secret" and still knows what it consists of: new formulas, new psychology, a nose constantly sniffing midway between the box office and life. Bourdet is the best parlor mimic and dialogist; Romain can be relied on to emit critical pieces that solemnly, and almost immediately, become classics; Savoir always looks under the bed first, and usually writes there; young Pagnol, by looking elsewhere, rediscovered emotional characterization; and the Dullin-Poé-Jouvet trio remain the most refined, imaginative producers and stage-dressers in town. In the years since the war, Paris has escaped the stimulating effects of a social, political, and financial upheaval, even of a prohibition that doesn't prohibit gangsters and heated *mamans*, and its recumbent theatre shows it—prone in the three-cornered situation which was once its spice of life. Indeed, in pointing to the corpse one could say a triangle, not "x," marks where the body lies.

THE summer (or otherwise September) number of *This Quarter* has just appeared and with it what was referred to editorially as an imbroglio, caused by the awarding of the ten-thousand-franc Richard Aldington Poetry Prize. As the donor of the prize announced, the judgment was a Solomon one and the baby was cut in two: half



when the GOING *is hard*

WHEN the going is hard, astute advertisers know that it pays to concentrate in a hard-hitting publication! They find it pays to invest their dollars in white space that carries their selling messages straight as a rifle-ball to the bull's-eye of the richest and most responsive market—*at the lowest cost per family.*

And that means concentration in The American Weekly, *the fittest of them all.*

The records made by this mighty magazine at a time when sales have been coming hard has opened the eyes of many a national advertiser.

The year 1930 established a high linage record for all time for The American Weekly . . . The year 1931 will surpass last year's sensational record.

No other national magazine can match these amazing gains.

You may be interested in knowing WHY.

With a four-color page more than twice as big as any page in any other magazine, The American Weekly reaches 5,500,000 families who dwell in the most prosperous areas of this nation . . . The American Weekly does this at a cost of less than one-third cent per family.

With an editorial content so absorbing that it captures and holds the interest of every member of every family, The American Weekly is the most widely read publication on earth.

Reader-interest plus lowest-cost-per-family brings the most sales per advertising dollar.

The telling drive of The American Weekly is irresistible to dealer and consumer alike . . . The dealer is quick to stock and display American Weekly advertised merchandise because he knows that this mighty magazine reaches hundreds and thousands of his customers.

Consumer response is fast because The American Weekly's tremendous selling page tempts the eyes of 5,500,000 families who, in spite of the pessimists, have the desire to own and have money in the bank with which to buy.

If you are wondering about today's, tomorrow's or next year's sales cast a quick eye over the unmatched advantages The American Weekly has to offer.

The American Weekly dominates the urban markets by concentrating 70% of its total circulation in 578 of America's 997 towns and cities of 10,000 population and over. (1930 U. S. census figures.)

In each of 152 cities, it reaches one out of every two families

In 108 more cities, 40 to 50% of the families

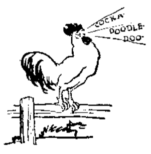
In an additional 146 cities, 30 to 40%

In another 172 cities, 20 to 30%

. . . and, in addition, more than 1,700,000 families in thousands of other communities, large and small, regularly buy The American Weekly.

Where can you spend your advertising dollar more effectively?

Cock-A-Doodle-Doo



The American Weekly advertising revenue and linage in September shows a substantial increase over September, 1930, and continues similar advertising records made in the first six months of this year, as well as in July and August.

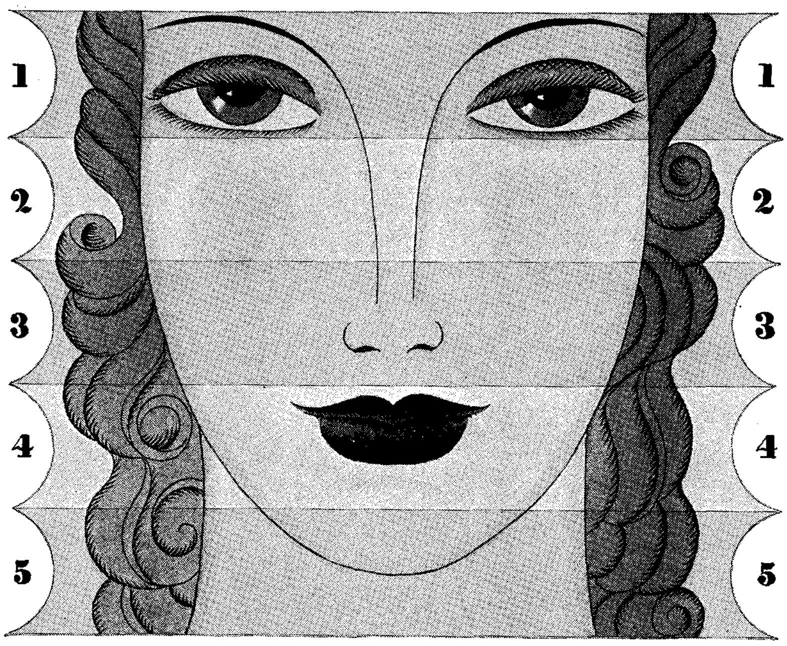
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

Main Office: 959 Eighth Avenue, New York City

Branch Offices: PALMOLIVE BLDG., CHICAGO . . . 5 WINTHROP SQUARE, BOSTON . . . 753 BONNIE BRAE, LOS ANGELES . . . 222 MONADNOCK BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO
11-250 GENERAL MOTORS BLDG., DETROIT . . . 1138 HANNA BLDG., CLEVELAND . . . 101 MARIETTA ST., ATLANTA . . . INTERNATIONAL OFFICE BLDG., ST. LOUIS

is
5
your downfall....
or your lucky number?



FIVE POINTS to watch in the game of beauty that never stops till we're dead . . . The eyes, for circles and pouches . . . The nose for pores and shine . . . The cheeks for color, texture, contour . . . The mouth and forehead for lines . . . The throat and chin for sagging muscles.

Five fingers to fight with . . . Five preparations for ammunition . . . Five minutes, night and morning, to turn disaster into a perpetual party!

Madame Nina Says:

1 "WHITE ROSE CREAM will clear up any skin, because it cleanses *thoroughly*. In the morning, use it as a foundation, and your nose won't shine."

2 "TONIC LOTION tightens pores and keeps them from absorbing dirt. Use Astringent Lotion for obstinate cases and as a throat-line guard."

3 "GERANIUM CREAM at night smoothes out wrinkles, banishes blemishes and sallowness, improves contours, does away with circles under the eyes."

4 "NINA ROUGE, delicate, creamy and lasting, is art's best aid to nature in redating cheeks and lips."

5 "NINA POUDRE—in 5 shades—gives a perfect mat finish that doesn't need retouching."

THREE times Five Lucky Dollars for the complete set—$15—packed in the Big Red Box that dresses the part.

where?

If you can't find Madame Nina's Famous Five at the counter, try the postman—Produits Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York

why?

If you have beauty problems that nothing seems to solve, consult Miss Nina Nestor, at the same address.

produits
nina

to E. E. Cummings, who was Aldington's choice, but who was already well launched and didn't need the award, and half to Walter Lowenfels, "who is still struggling in the water"—with, now, a five-thousand-franc life-preserver. Unfortunately, just when Mr. Aldington, chequebook in hand, was expressing his curiosity to know what this poet, "whose interests are mainly abstract and scientific, will do when he has thoroughly absorbed his material," Mr. Lowenfels stated that he was "getting into shape a prose book that might, but will not, be called 'No More Poetry.'" So it would seem as if the baby might as well have been turned over to Mr. Cummings intact. Or even given back to its father.

No imbroglio whatever was connected with the magazine's other prizes: the *This Quarter* and the William Van Wyck, of twenty-five hundred francs each. In each case John Collier, the British poet, competed against himself victoriously. Well, probably the best man won.

ALSO the summer (or August-September-October) number of the recently founded *New Review* is just out, containing from the pen of the well-known Spanish sonneteer and ex-exile, de Unamuno, advice on "How to Write a Novel," which terminates with how to read one: "Any reader who, reading a novel, is concerned with knowing how the characters will turn out, without being concerned to know how he himself is going to end, does not deserve to have his curiosity satisfied." There are, furthermore, two good portraits by Stella Bowen: one of Edith Sitwell, back view and front view, and one of Ford Madox Ford with his mouth open, playing solitaire, an excellent likeness; and seven and a half pages on "Esthetics, Criticism and Life," by Maxwell Bodenheim, and a dandy Dry Rot Department by Ezra Pound, with special spelling (both kinds: abbreviated and comic), featuring "Them Critiks of Hart." We betcha Mr. Pound could of wrote "Them Critics of Art" just as good as you or me. If he only w'd!

—GENÊT

•

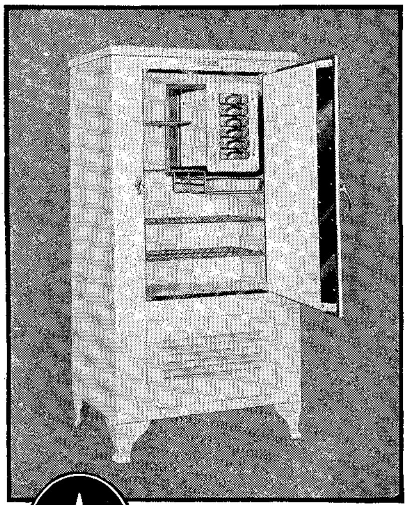
J. H. Oliphant & Co.—Whether the inactivity and relative stability of the market indicate rather the uncertainty of the moment than foreknowledge of events is likely to become clearer during this week. —*The Evening Sun.*

It's not likely to get any *less* clear, anyway.

Society on the beach at Southampton in 1899. Clothes like these seem strange today—and, thanks to Electrolux, so do refrigerators that were up to date a few years ago.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, *yielding place to new*"

—*Tennyson*



THE SENATOR—*a roomy, beautiful Electrolux model—extremely popular for families of 4 to 6 persons.*

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

The silent simplicity of Electrolux makes it the modern automatic refrigerator

AMERICA has welcomed Electrolux because this automatic refrigerator is different—and better. No moving parts at all . . . just a tiny gas flame and a tiny flow of water. Lower operating cost than any other refrigerator—no more than 5 to 10 cents a day for the average household size.

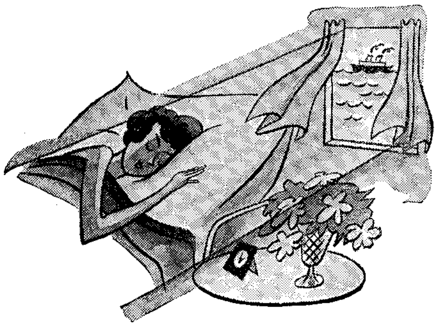
There's no alternate stopping and starting to Electrolux, no sound. The refrigerant is hermetically sealed in rigid steel. The gas flame is completely protected by an automatic shut-off. Prompt, efficient gas company service if adjustment should be needed. Connections for gas and water are through concealed flexible copper tubing.

Prices no higher, despite unique advantages. Eleven different household models. May be seen at all gas company showrooms. Complete information sent by mail upon request. Address Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d St., New York City, or phone VAnderbilt 3-5700.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

⚜ ⚜ How about a physical and mental REPAINT?



IF someone told you that he knew of a first-class hotel within a taxi ride of you—a hotel with a table far more varied and no less excellent than the finest New York hotel—a hotel with a swiftness of service and a degree of comfort equal to the best in Europe or America—a hotel filled with the sort of agreeably decorative people who ought to adorn an ideal hotel—

—and if your informant then added that this hotel was entirely bathed in October sea air, and healing sunlight, and had a cellar like no American and few Continental restaurants—

—HOW WOULD THAT BE FOR THE TWO WEEKS' VACATION YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD SNEAK IN RIGHT NOW?

There is a such. Six such. It's any French Liner. Just over and back. Book your same room both ways at thrifty-low winter rates. Leave Old Dabbil Trunk in cabin. Go ashore with suitcase (say three or four days in London, or Devon, or in Paris, or just Normandy); then come back to home-cabin and snore and eat and sip to New York. There's more solid physical-and-mental repaint in two such weeks (slightly longer if you prefer a Cabin Ship) than in any fortnight ashore—ask your doctor. Watch out, though, that he doesn't grab the 'phone and call the French Line, 19 State St., or a French Line Agent, and book himself first.

French Line

CURB MARKETS

When banquets bring satiety
With longing for variety
In viands, whether classified as produce,
fish, or meat,
Come, stroll along First Avenue;
I promise that you'll have a new
Conception of the quantity of things
there are to eat.

How gladsome is the pattering,
The bargaining, the chattering
With wild gesticulation, imprecation,
and retort
In Russian, Yiddish, Syrian,
Italian, and Iberian,
From Fourteenth Street to Fifth Street,
where the pushcarts come to port.

Consider these piratical,
Assiduous, emphatical,
Redoubtable adventurers of every
hue and shade
Who freight such rare commodities,
Both staple foods and oddities,
In two and four-wheel caravels,
their argosies of trade!

Achilles Pappodoupulous,
A merchant strictly scrupulous,
Purveys Hesperian fruitages of
red and purple brown;
Bartolomeo Toccoli
Is keen to sell you broccoli
And prickly pears and loquats
that you never see uptown.

Here's fennel (termed "*finocchio*"),
That golden globe of Tokio,
The Japanese persimmon, and the
olive black as jet,
With many-petalled artichokes
(We always call them
"party-chokes"
Because they're served at parties,
hollandaise or vinaigrette).

What proteins and calories
Make people spend their salaries!
For here are smelts in silver heaps and
clams in pots and pails,
With piles of flabby cuttlefish,
Those deeply sly and subtle fish,
Impossible sea urchins and unprepossessing snails.

Then stroll along First Avenue
When hungry passions raven you,
Observe the massy mounds of bread,
the monuments of cheese;
You'll find it quite incredible
What prodigies are edible,
And if you fail to suit yourself
you're mighty hard to please!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

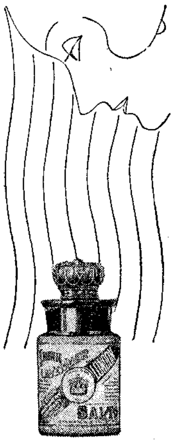
Men Who Whistle in the Shower . . .

use bubbly TARRANT'S

They don't grump, glump, gloom, fret, fuss or fidget. They feel fine, look fine—and that because they *are* fine. They have acquired a custom—a glass of Tarrant's every day to keep the doctor (and all need for him) away. Tarrant's is a head clearer, a skin clearer, a stomach settler, and a spirit lifter. Tarrant's makes a grand, refreshing bubbly drink. No drugs, nothing harmful or habit-forming. Simply a pure saline, a blend of basic salts which quickly relieves the "head," the headache, indigestion and similar unpleasantnesses.

Ask your physician —he's known it for years. And simply say "Tarrant's" to the druggist.

TARRANT'S
SELTZER APERIENT



Magic FRAGRANCE!

The pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts acts like magic in relieving ordinary headache. Clears the head, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. Sizes for dressing table and purse. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Sq., New York.

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

CURIOUS BOOKS

The largest publishers of PRIVATELY PRINTED literature in the United States, invite you to send for their free catalogue of limited and unexpurgated editions on CURIOSA and ESOTERICA.

PANURGE PUBLICATIONS
98 FIFTH AVENUE · · NEW YORK

CURIOUS BOOKS

CASINO-PLACE

FROM the beginning of her American visit Mrs. Craig-Higgs was tortured with the problem of how to be happy while enjoying the American weekend.

She wrote to a friend in London after her first and only visit to the seaside: "The sands out here are too unbelievably shocking, my dear. The women wear practically (but on second thoughts perhaps I'd better leave this unsaid). I have never felt so *too* conspicuous as when I went for my own bathe, properly attired. Moreover when in the water they strike out with the well-known American energy, throwing themselves directly into the sea and making off somewhere—as though there were anywhere!—with great wheel-like strokes with the arms, instead of . . ."

In short, Mrs. Craig-Higgs did not like our seaside. Nor did she enjoy herself on weekend visits to private houses. As autumn came on she liked the behavior of our trees—they behaved handsomely, reahlly—but her hostesses would never let her alone. They planned for her, and arranged. And the children—oh, American children! She at last settled down to weekends in New York, which was delightful when cleared by the Sunday exodus, but this was so contrary to lifelong habit that it worried her. Where, aside from the city of New York itself, could one spend quiet weekends?

ONE morning Mrs. Craig-Higgs went down to the Battery to visit the Aquarium. They do such frightfully fascinating things with fish in the aquarium in Regent's Park, London. The day was sunny. There was a fresh breeze off the Bay and a too *too* divine fishiness in the air (not from the Aquarium) which is not unlike the smell of London when the wind comes in from off Tilbury way. Mrs. Craig-Higgs sniffed hungrily. "Here it is Thursday again!" she thought. And no plans, as usual, for the weekend. At this moment her eyes lighted on that casino-place out there in the Bay. She had seen it previously. She had noticed it the morning she had arrived from England but she had been distracted by the Manhattan skyline. It had reminded her of Ostend, a watering place on the Belgian coast—the way it looks as one approaches on the Dover boat, from England. She adored Ostend. Oh, the pleasant holidays she had spent in Ostend! She stood now looking at the casino-place here in New York Bay and thinking of Ostend. Nobody goes there now, reahlly, she thought—that is, to Ostend—but she adored Ostend.

SHE asked a passerby: "I beg your pardon, but how does one get out to that place, reahlly?" She indicated the casino-place.

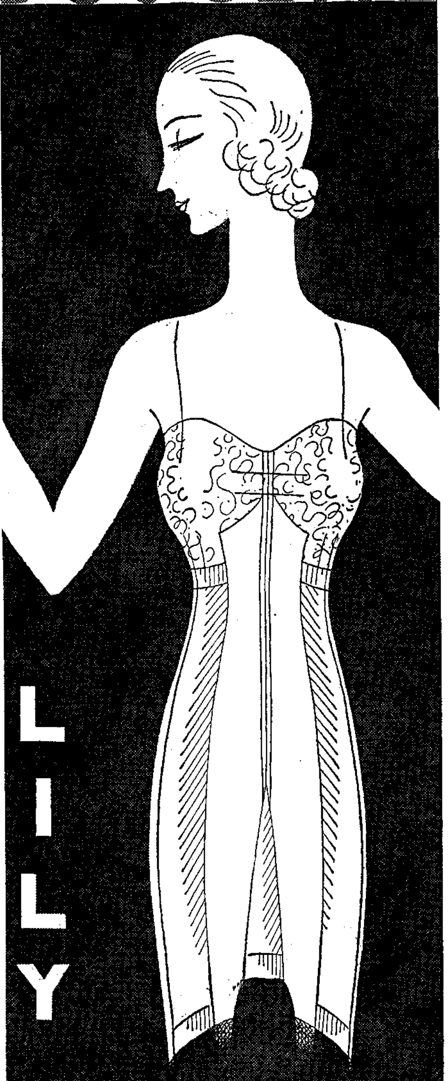
"Boat. There."

"Thank you," she said, hurrying along in the direction indicated, and eyeing the casino-place slantwise, noticing its pinkish washed-out look with approval. She entered a building, crossed a clean dock, and went onto a little ferryboat. No stir, no fuss. One other passenger only, fortunately not the conversational kind.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs, being inherently one who, if there is anything to weather, must weather it, seated herself in the bow on the top deck. After a while the little boat dawdled out of the slip and set out across the Bay.

Then suddenly Mrs. Craig-Higgs felt too *too* gay! She adored this little boat! She experienced, too, a sharp, delicious sense of detachment from the mainland. She felt as she felt in England. "England itself is like a ferryboat, reahlly!" she thought, imaginatively. "And living in England is like making a perpetual journey on a ferryboat. One is never too far from shore to feel definitely in danger, but quite near enough to observe everything that is going on. Clearly. Quite." The casino-place was near at hand now. At close quarters it was charming. There wasn't too much land on the waterside and what there was was green with the bright-green grass of autumn. The place close at hand looked deserted. When the boat loitered into the slip the two deckhands were having some amiable discussion and a moment or two passed before they bothered to tie it up. The one other passenger and Mrs. Craig-Higgs disembarked and the Englishwoman loitered along the em-

DUO·SETTE



LILY OF FRANCE

TO BE ULTRA SMART

● You just must wear the new Duo-Sette, with the smaller waistline and the uplift bust. This Fall your figure must be defined.

It's the most feminine mode we have had in years; but it must be just so. It may be ruined by even the slightest over accent of mass or line. Perfect, as in the Duo-Sette, it is irresistible.

The Duo-Sette is sold in all smart shops.

As refreshing as a northwest breeze, and just as lively—White Rock, the Leading Mineral Water, and White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale.

White Rock
Water
White Rock
Pale Dry
Ginger Ale

White Rock
The leading mineral water

bankment in the only direction open to her. She felt no haste. She had leisure!

"And New York only right there across the Bay, reahlly!" she thought, luxuriating in the contradiction between Manhattan and this casino-place.

SHE regretted now that she had a luncheon engagement in New York which made it necessary for her to look into the place and make her arrangements immediately. She had one more approving look at the mellow tones of the buildings, breathed in another breath of quietude, and entered the very presentable doorway.

"Do you want to see the island?" asked a person in uniform.

"Thank you so much. But not today, unfortunately. I have no time. If you will kindly direct me to the office, my good man—I wish to inquire about rates and to ask—"

"Rates, Madam? We haven't any rates." He eyed her sourly, and added grumpily: "This is Ellis Island."

"That terrible place, *this*?" cried Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

The silence was now like that of the mortuary. Mrs. Craig-Higgs said sadly:

"How could you make it so—so like Ostend!"

"Like what, Madam?"

—FRANCES CRANE

•

TO THE RETURNER

I shall blip your silly tunic
If you rhapsodize on Munich.

Travellers before have tried us
Sorely with their talk of Cnidus.

There's no need for growing sodden
At remembering Baden-Baden.

Frankly, I refuse to bear a
Hymn upon the Riviera.

You are branded as a phony
Once you sing about Brioni.

I'll not harken to your paean
Of the blue and white Ægean.

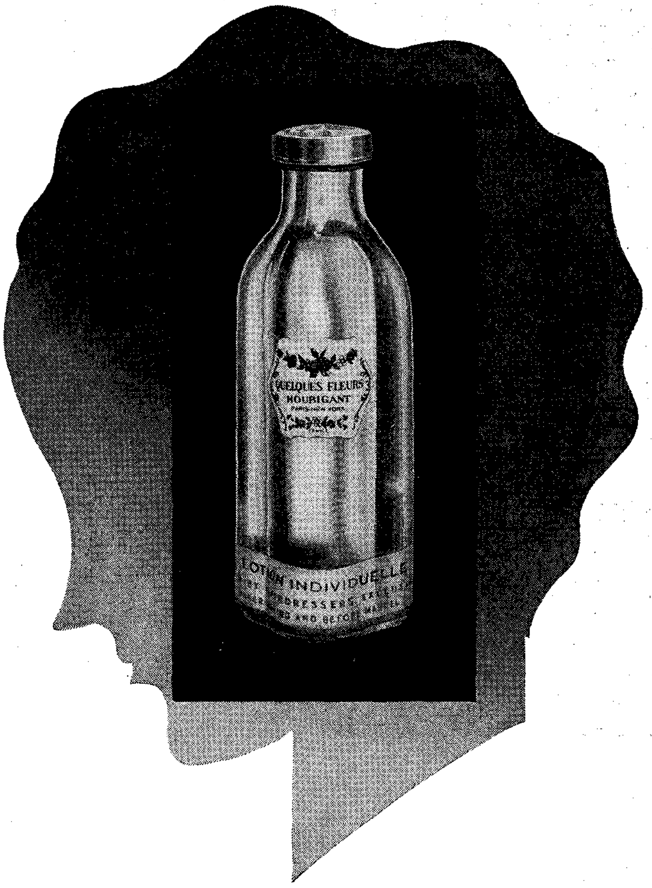
If you *must* call it Firenze,
Flee my homicidal frenzy.

Do you want to get a poke? O
Just you breathe the term "rococo."

Because, you hypocrite, you're reeling
With that "Home now! Thank God!"
feeling.

—PRICE DAY

YOUR HAIRDRESSER AND YOUR MIRROR WILL AGREE



Try an application of the Lotion Individuelle of Houbigant the next time your hair is "done". Your mirror will agree with every flattering word your hairdresser said. Your hair will wear the most natural of waves, soft, widely spaced and gleaming with lustrous sheen. For Lotion Individuelle's first function is to leave the hair immaculately clean. Applied after the shampoo, it rids the hair of the clinging grime, oil and soap residues, and leaves it more pliant, softer, more supple, more receptive to the wave. Lotion Individuelle will reduce by almost half, the time you spend under the dryer. And it will delicately but lastingly fragrance your hair with a supreme perfume by Houbigant—such as Quelques Fleurs, Ideal, Bois Dormant, Fleur Bienaimee, etc.

"LOTION INDIVIDUELLE"

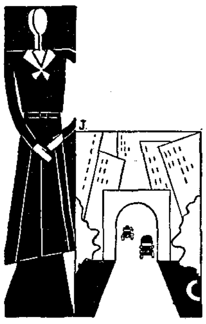
Obtained at and applied in hairdressing establishments exclusively

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



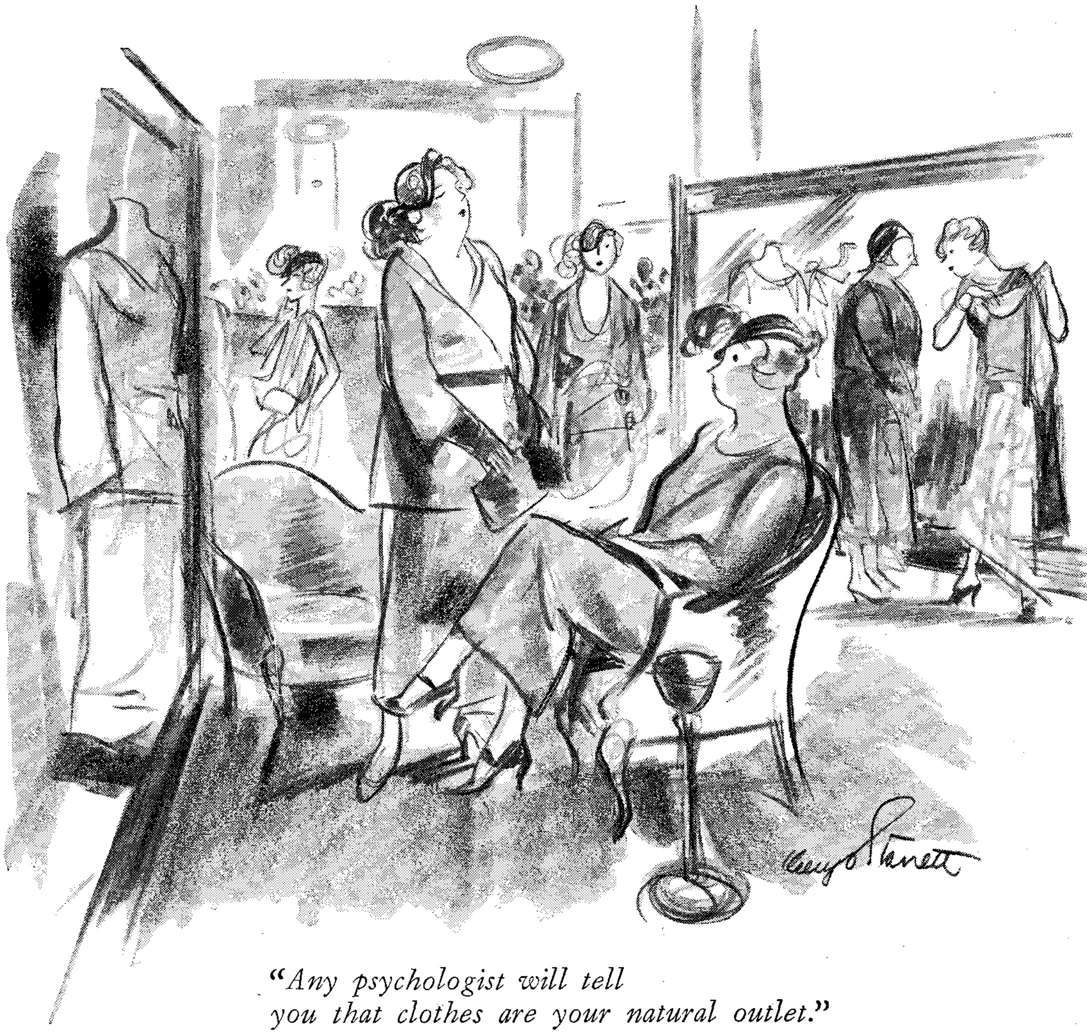
HERE was I all set to give you working girls a whirl among the thirty-nine-fifties (I might even say the twelve-ninety-fives), when who should crop up to sidetrack me but people like Hattie Carnegie, Mrs. Franklin, and others of their kind, who never saw so much as a gardenia costing as little as ten dollars. Therefore, so alluring were they, the big economy campaign will have to be postponed another week, when I will endeavor to find modestly priced versions of ye mode 1932, around the town.

IT seems, moreover, that this girl has suddenly got nostalgia for a big, country, outdoor existence and now yearns to pursue the giddy Long Island life, chasing foxes, golf balls, and polo-players, with never a thought of the bright lights. The first shop to put this idea into her head was—need I speak louder?—Fortnum & Mason, at Sixty-second and Madison. For instance, even though you always expect the best here, you will be knocked dead by their sweaters. The newest is in a funny, old-fashioned weave with horizontal stripes done in a rough tracery that looks as if it had been embroidered on by hand in rough wool. Most of these are in a neutral shade, with the striped tracery in color, and they must be seen to be appreciated. Then there are swell new cashmere sweaters from Scotland—the softest and woolliest imaginable—in new designs. There is one slipover with a white, crossed vestee built in, and fastened by a single button. Another has chevron "V"s in various colors shooting up and outward from the plain band below the normal waistline. And Fortnum & Mason have their tweeds in colors to match all their sweaters, so that skirts can be made to order to complete a perfect outdoor ensemble.

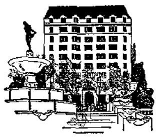
Another thing, for skiers and hikers and bright-cheeked ozone-breathers, is a new suede jacket that is less bulky than any other I have seen. A talon fastener goes all the way up; there are patch pockets and a belt; up-and-down seaming through the waistline makes the jacket fit snugly. It is also being made up in tweed, with kick-pleat skirts to match. There is nothing to it, except that you'd have a hard time finding a better one.

ANOTHER place to make a city girl long to tramp the moors is Mrs. Franklin's shop. Those of you who go past 16 East Fifty-third Street must have seen that new, simple, modern window, all dark rich woods, and gone inside to investigate for yourselves. The rest of you may lend an ear. The newest sweater here—worn, they do say, under a leather or tweed jacket, by the smartest Englishwomen—is an autumn version of the polo shirt: short sleeves, polo neck, and all, in a heavily ribbed knit, with tighter ribbing at the waistline. This costs ten-fifty. The newest country suit starts off with a white-jersey shirt, long-sleeved and business-like; has a sleeveless, V-necked jumper of Rodier tweed over that, and ends up with a cardigan type of jacket and a skirt. The color combinations in this—for the jumper contrasts with the skirt and jacket—are heavenly: yellow and brown, pink and dark raspberry, and such. The latest substitute for the time-honored sleeveless sweater and knit cardigan combination comes in natural cashmere. The under sweater is square-necked; the outer one is belted, finished at the bottom with a deep band of ribbing, and fastens with one button on the chest. A cashmere scarf goes with this. You wear them with a tweed skirt.

For the three and four-piece suits, they are making much of Linton tweeds, the most ha-cha-cha abroad, and are still specializing in hand-knit



"Any psychologist will tell you that clothes are your natural outlet."



Portrait of a Lady in

BROWN BROADTAIL

by Bergdorf Goodman

Uncommon is natural brown broadtail... and also uncommonly chic. Combined with soft baum marten in this flexibly slim coat, it is both smart and kind to face and figure. To those who prefer minks, caraculs, ermines, or sables, our collection of furs offers the usual wide choice at new lower price levels.

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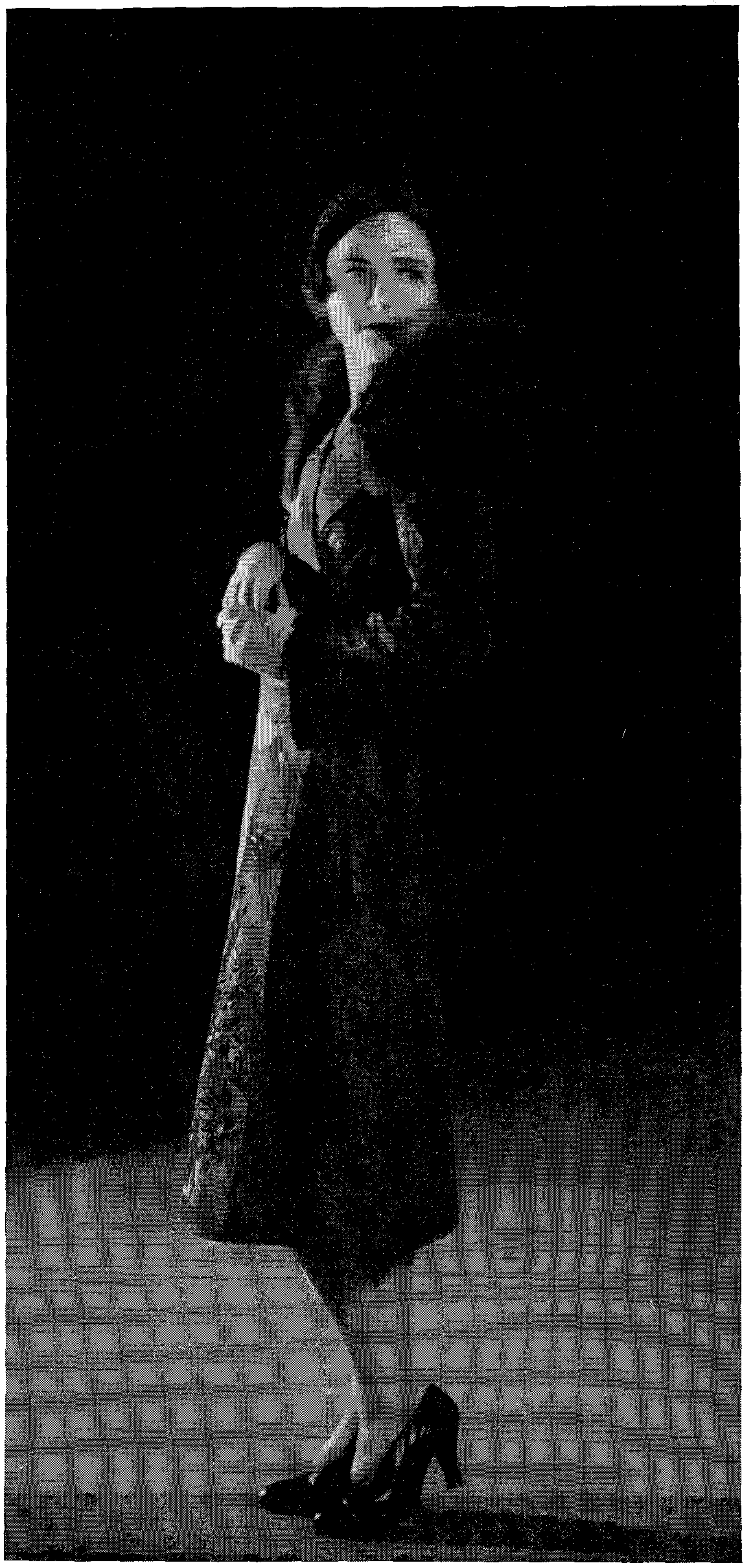

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Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

tweedy fabrics, with several colors thrown together to form a nubbly, sturdy, sportsmanlike fabric. And the *bouclé* suits, the perennial darlings around here, are better than ever.

The designs at Mrs. Franklin these days are exclusive with her and made up in her own workroom with the proper attention to cut and detail. This also makes it possible to pull a costume apart and reassemble it to suit yourself, or to order separate skirts, jumpers, jackets, and such, to complete and freshen your wardrobe. And, lest you forget, this shop also makes up hats in tweeds and knits to complete any costume you have selected.

SOMEBODY (I forget who it was—was it Elsie?) told me one day not to wear myself out trotting around but merely to whip into Omar Kiam's and find out what the leading retail specialty shops are taking up. Around the premises here they have the best group of those intricately cut, flowing, velvet evening dresses that you ever did see. They are breath-takingly simple in effect, usually with seaming or folds (some projecting slightly) starting high on one hip and descending (often almost to the knee) on the opposite side. Many have slight trains, some have scarves, showing the back and concealing the front in a sort of double-cape effect. There are lots of rich browns, bottle-greens, and other new evening colors. They are the kind of thing that you wear and wear and wear all winter and are, therefore, a dandy investment.

The evening wraps are spectacular, too. They are of velvet, fitted very tightly through the waistline, and flaring toward the hem, most of them touching the floor in back and ascending to ankle-length in front. The sleeves are trick: enormous ones caught in tight at the wrist or snug up to the elbow, or having great applied flaring pieces or poufs around the elbow. Some are plain, with cape col-

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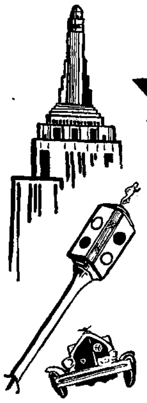

He *wasn't* a NEW YORKER

but—a New Yorker couldn't show better taste. Or find a *more* perfect home. The Parkside—an address that begets respect, rooms that inspire coziness, food that brings benedictions, and an atmosphere that says dignity, charm, comfort. The Parkside is sure to please you, especially if you *are* a New Yorker.

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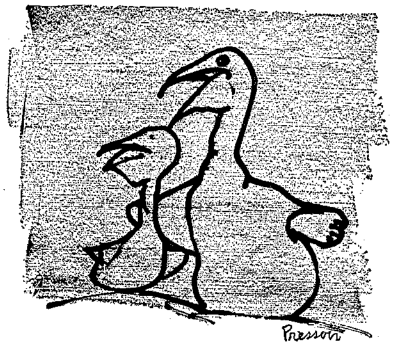
lars edged with ruffles of the same material, but the majority have fur collars of Jap marten or kolinsky. They prove that at least one clothes problem has been solved in the jumble of this season.

This type of thing may be found in the ready-to-wear departments at Bendel, Bergdorf Goodman, Jay-Thorpe, and Saks-Fifth Avenue.

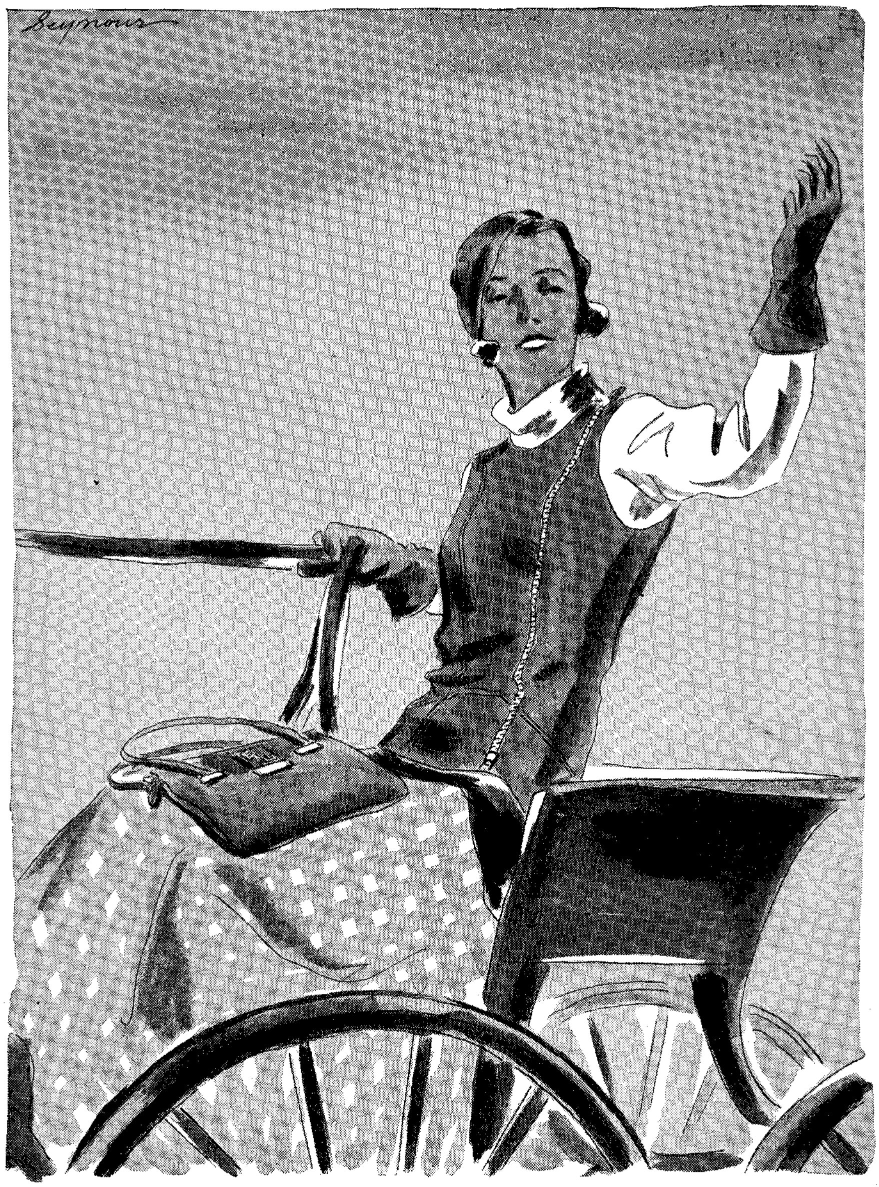
THE new bagheera velvet B. M., representing the Parisian point of view, went into ecstasies about may be found in original models around town, but so far the ready-to-wear shops have been a bit leery about turning out copies in the fabric. Some of it looks like a very fine wool crêpe, some like a finely striped heavy faille (Hattie Carnegie has street bags of it). It takes a great smartness and an educated eye to appreciate this velvet, since evening dresses are connected with silkiness in the American mind. The texture of the stuff is soft and luscious, but I have a feeling that only supersmart women will take to it.

HATTIE CARNEGIE, who always, somehow, manages to be sensationally good in her collections, didn't fail the world this season either. I regularly have a vague hope that she will turn out to be human and pick horrors, but she never does. In the custom-made department, dears, you can see, you may even touch, things like two Vionnet costumes composed of velveteen coats over bright crêpe dresses. One coat is royal-blue, with a royal-blue satin sash, and a similar sash on the emerald-green crêpe dress underneath; the other is black over orange. Boulanger, whom I hadn't thought of in years, reappears with a little black faille dress topped by a knockout galliac or broadtail jacket. The feature of this is the wide puffed sleeves that end abruptly at the elbows. A bright-green velvet scarf, tied in a bow, emerges under one ear above. Then there is a Chantal black wool dress with a gold-embroidered red sash



THE ACCESSORY SHOP, knowing little place that it is, offers an ensemble that the clever sportswoman will want at once. Hat, monogrammed bag, and jacket, all of soft suede, all with just the right casual smartness. The jacket is belted in back and zips up the front. The hat may be worn at whatever angle is most becoming to you. They come in black, green, wine and brown.

Jacket **$18.74** • Hat and Bag together **$16.89**



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and a red woollen jumper, buttoned high and belted firmly.

For evening, one sensation is Worth's scarf-jacket in velvet. This has one enormous sleeve edged with silver fox to anchor it, and the scarf is thrown across the opposite shoulder and dangles in back in a wrapped-up way. There are lots of ermine jackets, bolero-length, with puffed sleeves. (Well, even if you can't get one, it is an idea for remodelling.) And silver fox and brown velvet unite in a long evening wrap with short, fur-edged sleeves. Among the evening dresses, the most spectacular is a black paillette dress. This has those broad, crossed shoulder-straps and an orange gypsy sash. A little cape, buttoning together, covers all the décolletage in front and most of it in back. This idea of having some sort of short cape arrangement to match the dress and cover the décolletage crops up all over, anyway. Witness a black velvet evening dress with white fox low around the hips. White fox surrounds the neck and a black velvet cape descends from it. Or take a white crêpe evening dress from Schiaparelli, with bright-green fringe descending from the waist in back in an inverted "V," and a similar "V" in the back of the little cape that accompanies it.

Besides all this, you must look at the imported Carnegie knitted suits, with striped jumpers and plain skirts, or vice-versa; with ruffly blouses of old-fashioned fine crochet; and with the most cockeyed little short bright jackets, buttoned in strange ways, that you ever laid eyes on. Some of the suits have trousers of a heavy ribbed knit, cut very mannish, in case you are taking up trousers for the country. —L. L.

•

GENERAL MANAGER for expanding storage and moving business; executive type and business builder; must estimate on storage, furniture moving anywhere in the United States and Canada; do crating, packing, in warehouse; drive van; hoist and carry pianos. Detail your experience, references, education. X 2604. —*Adv. in the Times.*

All right, general manager, tip your end up a little!

•

Miss Fritzie Leih of New York City and Belle Harbor, L.I., who have been visiting Miss Esther Rood of 1120 Howard Street has returned to their summer residence in Long Island.—*Peekskill (N.Y.) Daily Union.*

Well, give our best to Belle.

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

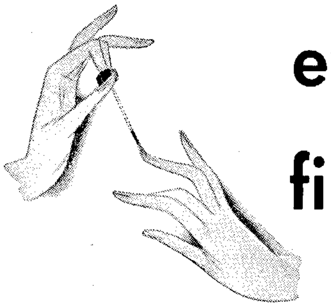
On Atmosphere—All the Fun in the Fair —Cubs and 'Chases

THE Meadow Brook polo-pony show proves each year that good breeding and fine traditions are not incompatible with the showing of horses. There is no charge for admission or for programs; there is no parking-space racket; there are no money prizes. The heroes of international polo stroll about in battered canvas leggings or well-scarred jodhpurs, proving that it's smart to be thrifty about riding clothes. Instead of some Eddie and his stentorian bellow, a gentleman with a megaphone, broad "a"s, and a Boston slur announces the proceedings. There is only one reason for not showing there: that you honestly and humbly don't believe your horse is good enough.

The morning session especially is like some charming English county show. Nobody is in any hurry to be anywhere except under the trees at the ringside, with the brown leaves blowing along the grass, and the judges taking an hour to judge a class of brood mares. Ambrose Clark comes slapping in with his cross-matched road team and canary-and-black coach; and that isn't an exhibition, but the arrival of a country squire on his favorite conveyance.

ALL this good fellowship and ye-olden-times atmosphere made Mineola, the other show of the week, seem a hideous mistake. The committee there has apparently decided that since the show is always a flop financially, and has to be carried by the rest of the Fair, it does not deserve to be protected against the onslaughts of a Visigothic horde. Result: getting around the outside course is like making a left turn at Times Square. Thousands of good simple folk who are aiming for the vegetable tent find themselves in the path of an oncoming horse. They are at first transfixed with horror, and then interested enough in a mild way to remain cluttering up the place. Showing in the ring is even more hazardous, as the

Before you face appraising eyes, groom your fingers with Glazo



THE YOUNG and the smart do not need to be told how the little differences between nail polishes make a very great difference in the charm of the hands.

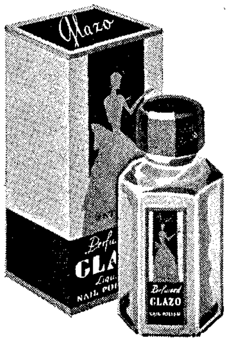
And the special glow that Glazo alone gives has been its fortune, for once a woman comes to know the charm of Glazo texture and color it is almost impossible to please her with any other polish.

But with all its loveliness, the best part of the story is that Glazo brushes on easily and evenly, never "piles up" or chips, and never appears purplish under evening lights. Whichever of its several lovely shades you choose, its thin glorious sheen lasts a week or more.

Famous as Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover are, there are many Glazo innovations that you ought to know.

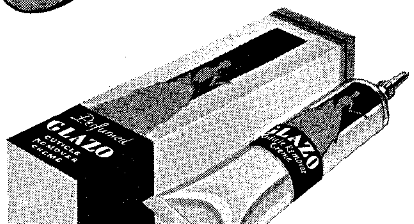
For the other Glazo manicuring aids are as smart and as praiseworthy as Glazo polish itself. The new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème introduces a method of cuticle care far in advance of all others. This soft, white cream gently removes excess cuticle, and leaves the edges smooth and even. It is simpler to use—applied directly from the convenient tube tip.

Glazo Nicotine Remover quickly banishes nicotine, ink, and other stains from the hands. Glazo Nail White and Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream play important parts in making your manicure perfect.

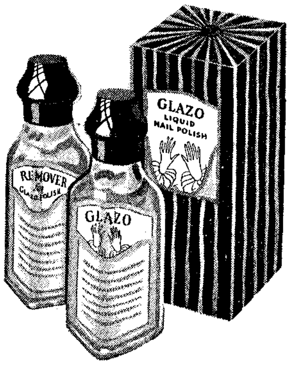


(Above)—*Perfumed Glazo Liquid Nail Polish comes in this smart new package. Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—in a large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.*

(Right)—*Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of cuticle care. Emollient oils soften, while excess cuticle is gently removed. In a convenient tube, 50c.*



(Below)—*The famous Glazo twin package contains both Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover—conveniently packaged together, 50c. Your choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.*



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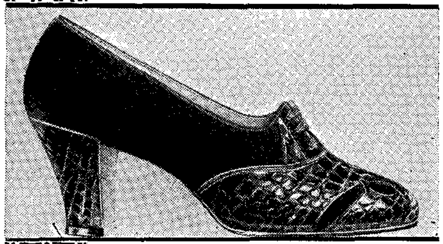

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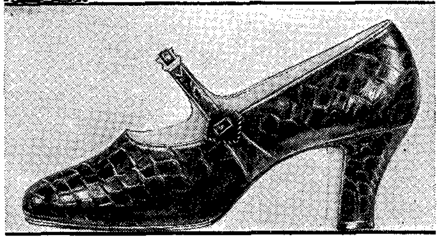

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amusements which keep the grandstand distracted between trotting races all take place just outside. Trained pigs slide down chutes, acrobats fly through the air, high-divers splash about, and you, without even the satisfaction of being watched by everybody, try to make a horse do three gaits at separate intervals.

THE true season for all good hunting men is now upon us, and in spite of these dreary times cubbing is going on all over the country, at six o'clock three mornings a week, regardless of Problems. Hounds come padding down the back roads through the rising mists. Twenty or thirty real hard-bitten veterans are waiting at the crossroads, most of them on dancing, sweaty young horses, out for their education, but there are always a few on level-eyed old campaigners, wearing a look of happiness to be hearing once again: "Hounds, please, gentlemen."

Post-and-rail racing started last week, too, with Fairfield trying its noble experiment of an amalgamated meeting comprising the best talent from four hunts. There is a gap in the local circuit at present owing to the cancellation of the Westchester-Biltmore Steeplechase. It always brought forth a lot of criticism about the park-like quality of its timber course, but now that it's gone we miss it. No other meeting was the medium for so much red-hot information which almost all went haywire.

GOOD timber horses look scarce this fall: Temple II, winner of the Meadow Brook Cup last year, has gone wrong, and Alligator has had a setback in training. Crawford Burton is riding again, on the Garvan string this time, but he will have to get some horses to supplement Sea Plant before the stable can do much damage.

But good racing or bad, it is a grand feeling once more to see a line of horses break at the drop of the flag and come charging down to a stout chestnut fence all out. After a long horse-show season, it puts things back on a good, red-blooded basis to have nothing count but whether you fall down or stay up.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

A sextet composed of Milton Cross, Maurice Tyler, Walter Preston, and Marley R. Sherriss, will open the first NBC Blue Network program through KDKA tonight at 8 o'clock.—*Pittsburgh Post Gazette.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Top Flight's Futurity — A Whitney Afternoon—Osmand Come to Town

So Top Flight has won The Futurity. I think my friend Diogenes Checkpoints will allow me a momentary gloat. (Old Audax really is so modest.) After Sonny Whitney's filly won the Lassie Stakes at Arlington in July, I referred to her in these notes as the best two-year-old of the season. (Yes, we have no good colts, but I could have been wrong.) Now, at the moment of her triumph, I shall not say she is another Artful, or greater than Regret. She may fade out of the picture next season, as Sally's Alley and Anita Peabody did as three-year-olds, though I'm sure we all hope she will train on gloriously. Just now she is supreme, unbeaten in her six starts. Plans for her are indefinite (Tom Healey, incidentally, is to be congratulated on keeping her so fit all summer) but I daresay she will run for the more important sweepstakes in Maryland.

I DON'T think Top Flight ever really ran until The Futurity. As the barrier was released, Morfair went to the front with Top Flight, Pompeius, Mad Pursuit, Masked Knight, and Mad Frump heads and half-lengths apart. Halfway down the Widener Course, when the runners became more than just spots of color to those without binoculars, the order remained unchanged. Workman was busy on Top Flight all the way, and two furlongs from home the roar from the stand became subdued, and in the breathless seconds that followed the question uppermost in our minds was when Morfair would weaken. Half a furlong further on it was answered as Top Flight swept past him. Then Mad Pursuit came up with a beautifully timed effort and for a split second the filly seemed to be in danger, but the danger passed as quickly as it threatened, and Top Flight, running with her head a bit to one side (a trick she has), drew away to win in the last furlong.

I WAS just a bit surprised to observe, as Sonny Whitney performed that pleasantest of ceremonies—leading in The Futurity winner—that he apparently has not led many horses. One takes a firm hold of the chinstrap, not —except in the movies—a casual hold of one rein.

Belmont Park's closing day might have been Whitney Afternoon. I don't remember when three members of a clan won three such sweepstakes on a card. Before the running of The Futurity, Mrs. Jock Whitney won the Grand National Steeplechase with Green Cheese, and after Sonny Whitney's triumph with Top Flight, Mrs. Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand galloped the two miles for The Jockey Club Gold Cup.

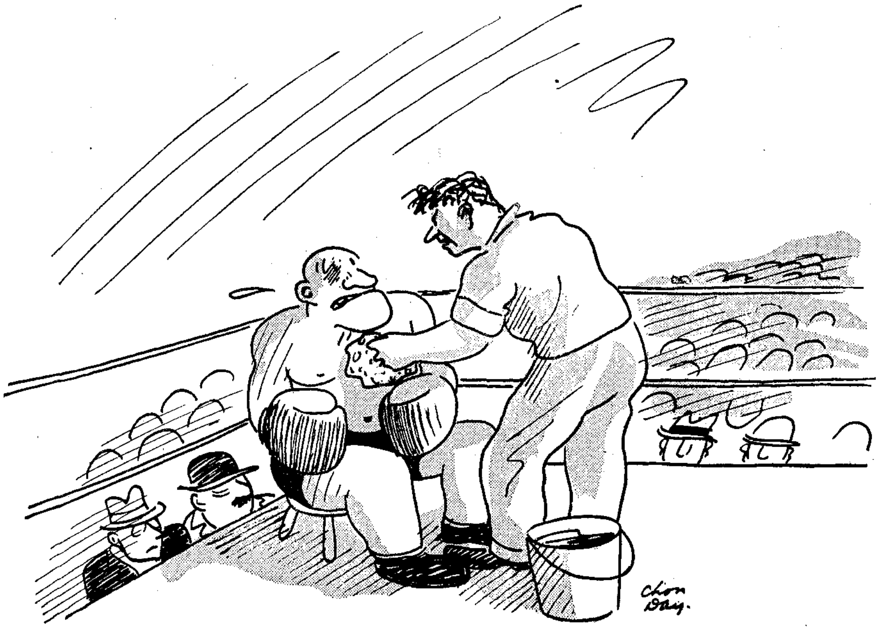
The Grand National Steeplechase made up for all the pitiful jumping races at Saratoga. It was the best I've seen all year. Before the race I was more interested in Easter Hero, once the villain (he upset twenty runners at the Canal Turn) and once the hero (he finished second to Gregalach with a twisted racing plate under his foot) in the Grand National at Liverpool. He's not as big a horse as I thought he'd be, but he is awfully well made, and he looked fit enough to run, and win. Easter Hero, who belongs to Mrs. Jock Whitney, led the parade to the post, and it was a good omen. Mrs. Durant's Sydney ran a smashing race, fighting it out with Laddie Sanford's Royal Falcon for more than two miles, and then for half a mile with Charlie Schwartz' Cree. Meanwhile, Rigan McKinney rode the best race I've ever seen him ride, waiting off the pace with Green Cheese until half a mile from home and then coming up with a rush to catch Cree.

It is a case of handsome does as handsome is with Green Cheese. He is four years old but never was on a race track until a few months ago, having spent his days turned out on a farm since he was bought as a yearling by Mrs. John J. Raskob. He has started four times so far and won his last three races, and there's no telling where he'll wind up.

WELL, we have seen the last of Twenty Grand for the season—hereabouts, at least. He was 1–50 in The Jockey Club Gold Cup, and won that way. He may chase Mate to Hawthorne for a meeting in the Gold Cup there, but he certainly will race in Maryland before and after running for the Latonia Championship.

THE high days and feastings of racing are over, and we are back at Aqueduct again. Well, the racing always is good down the long stretch of the Queens County Jockey Club, but I wish that Joe Widener's meetings weren't over so soon.

Havre de Grace opened this week and drew heavily on our rather meagre supply of the better-class horses. From



"All right. Don't try to use your head if it bothers you."

A Good Movie

Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne (*courtesy Theatre Guild*) in "The Guardsman." With Roland Young, Zasu Pitts. From the play by Ferenc Molnar. Screen play by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Sidney Franklin. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.

Astor Theatre
B'way & 45th St., Daily 2:50-8:50. Sun. 3-6-8:50

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ALEXANDER HAMILTON
with DORIS KENYON
DUDLEY DIGGES
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Based on DOSTOYEVSKY'S Novel
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Eves. 8:40. Mats. 2:30
MESSRS. SHUBERT Present
MAURICE SCHWARTZ
in IF I WERE YOU (In English)
A Comedy of human interest By Sholem Aleichem
Mon. to Thurs. Eves. $1 to $2.50; Fri. & Sat. Eves: $1 to $3; Wed. & Sat. Mats. $1 to $2.50

now on, the Honourable George says, the going will be rough.

BILL DWYER's idea to have equine entertainers at his dinner to Joe Widener on the eve of The Futurity was swell. Horses on the nineteenth floor of the Biltmore: an artillery team, three hunters, a traffic cop's horse, a cavalry mount, ridden between the tables. (Shades of C. K. G. Billings' dinner to Uhlan, at Delmonicos.) Then Osmand. He didn't mind the lights and the crowd. He's camera-broke, and for four lumps of sugar he'd go anywhere. He's always been one of my horses.

It seems to me that once a year all men of the turf could be equal after five o'clock at a sort of Americanized Gimcrack Dinner. I liked this one.

MRS. JOCK WHITNEY has given the colt by The Porter out of Cypher Code an old name: Carry the News. Clever, and a charming sentimental gesture. Carry the News was a famous polo pony Harry Payne Whitney rode in the days of the old Big Four. When Jock Whitney took up polo, his uncle gave him Carry the News, who was the first horse he owned. Now the colt that brought the top price of the season's yearlings sales—$16,000—will carry the name on. —AUDAX MINOR

•

THE PASTRY TRAY

The lady suffers minor pangs of doubt,
The sugar wafers seem the most enticing,
But there are tarts with crimson running out,
And Russian cakes with parti-colored icing.

Her husband used to make a choice for her,
Now he is gone. Does candied quince taste bitter?
A scone or crumpet: which should she prefer?
These lesser problems keep one all a-twitter.

Dazed by the splendor of the varied show,
She tries to make her muddled thoughts move faster;
The heartless jellies shimmer in a row—
Decision is an art she cannot master!

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

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with THOMAS MITCHELL
"Best of the new season's openings. Brings sunshine into Broadway. A good show. A good farce. In the school of 'Strictly Dishonorable.' "
—*Robert Garland, World Telegram*
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BEATRICE LILLIE ERNEST TRUEX
in The Aristocrat of All Revues
THE THIRD
LITTLE SHOW
MUSIC BOX THEA. West 45th Street
Eves. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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I Love An Actress
with MURIEL KIRKLAND, ERNEST GLENDINNING, WALTER ABEL and 50 Others
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EUGENIE LEONTOVICH, SAM JAFFE, SIEGFRIED RUMANN, HORTENSE ALDEN & others
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MATS. WEDNESDAY & SAT. at 2:30
☞ *No one seated during first scene*
Curtain promptly at 8:30 sharp

KATHARINE CORNELL
in
The Barretts of Wimpole Street
by Rudolf Besier
Presented by Katharine Cornell
staged by Guthrie McClintic
EMPIRE B'way, 40 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Eves. 8:30 Sharp

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MESSMORE KENDALL presents
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S New Comedy
THE BREADWINNER
with A. E. Matthews, Marie Lohr, Eric Cowley
BOOTH Theatre, W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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Everett MARSHALL · Ray BOLGER · GALE Quadruplets
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Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

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Eves. Best Seats $1 to $3 at Box Office

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MAE WEST
As BABE GORDON in the frank play she has made from her 1931 best seller
THE CONSTANT SINNER
(The Saga of a Saleswoman of Sex)

CHRYSTAL HERNE
IN A MODERN COMEDY ABOUT MODERN WOMEN
LADIES OF CREATION
By Gladys Unger
CORT THEATRE 48th St., E. of B'way. Eves. 8:50.
Mats. Wed. and Sat.

A THEATRE GUILD Production
"HE" by ALFRED SAVOIR
Adapted by Chester Erskin
GUILD THEA. 52d St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

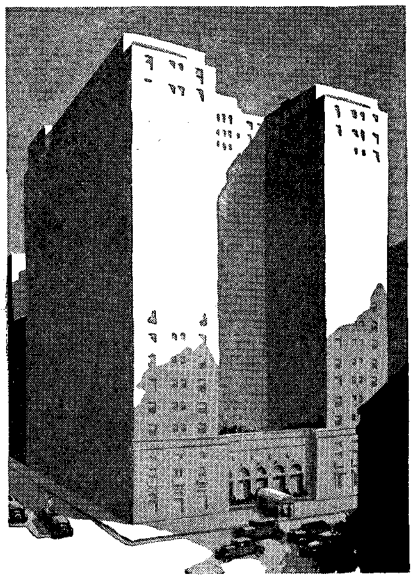
THE CURRENT CINEMA

From Russia to Arliss

FOR those serious thinkers, for those concerned with the grave and grand matters of letters — a group considerably increased, I hear, since the depression—the German movie of the Russian novel, "The Brothers Karamazov," should be just the dish. With the general tendency of the Rhineland cinema anyhow toward the sombre and grim, with its liking for heavy shadows and lowering countenances in whatever thing it does, this story of patricide and epilepsy (to list a couple of the items) provides the Germans with the material they can best handle. In "Karamazov" there is quite a little that is beautiful in the way of photography, and there is in each person of the cast scrupulous consideration for the type presented. Recalling the stage dramatizations I have sat appalled at in the past, I feel that a great triumph, too, is achieved in that the story, for a Russian one, is almost lucid.

It is lucid, that is, if one considers the characters as one would candidates for Matteawan. The whole temper of the picture at the Tobis-Vanderbilt seemed set by the uneven focus of Dmitri's eyes, that distorted vision, those eyes with a cast, which chiefly occupied the screen. Such eyes seemed almost needed, rather than orbs with the blasphemy of our American candor, to see correctly such human beings as the senile, lustful father, the murderous epileptic, the painfully self-sacrificing fiancée, the hilarious courtesan (quite a beauty this lady, by the way). Their behavior certainly savors of the violent ward, but that is Dostoevski and not the directors, and as one faces the prospect of this winter, the picture may be opportune. Antics we once thought remote and Slavic may very well, you know, become just Park Avenue symptoms.

WITH the most estimable Mr. George Arliss I find myself at times in a pique. With all his finesse and grace and style, his perfection of a sort, he persists in reënacting his best part, under different titles, again and



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again. It may not be his fault. It may be the fact that his Disraeli was so superb that one does not forget it and always remembers it in whatever he does. Certainly his latest rendering, "Alexander Hamilton," at the Hollywood, suggests a modulated version of the Lord Beaconsfield piece, a sort of Colonial "Disraeli"—nothing, therefore, fresh, nothing at all to suggest the kind of man Hamilton comes down in our history as having been. As far as history goes, this movie suggests a schoolbook sketch, properly doctored for the well-bred youngster, a respectably innocuous story of the kind which, thanks to our patriotic zeal, makes our history the dullest in all libraries. The episode of Mrs. Reynolds becomes a conventional blackmail plot, and the major theme appears to be Hamilton's love of his wife, a very beautiful woman in the picture, although of one of Albany's best families.

THERE is also quite a bouquet of minor pictures given us, some of which may reconcile you for a while to life if you wander in on them. I thought "Fifty Fathoms Deep"—a deep-sea-diving plot with domestic complications—had its moments. I was a little bit diverted at times by the roughneck performances of Miss Lightner (Winnie) in the circus scenes of "Side Show," although I suspect that I must have been in a lenient and amiable mood. I managed to get very concerned over the dilemma of Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez in "The Squaw Man," and was much impressed with Miss Velez's ability to go through the whole play as a mute, except for one or two aboriginal hiccoughs. Elissa Landi looked very pretty in "Wicked," especially in the prison scenes. Very trim and chic in a cell, she was, I thought. A picture that impressed me as somewhat astonishing was "The Mad Parade," a movie, I presume, contrived for a nunnery, as no men besmirch the cast. One or two glimpses are given of a male hand or a male foot, but otherwise we see only ladies—ladies at the front, a Tashman in the trenches—and such a to-do as they have! Especially when they begin slinging hand grenades at each other in a dugout.

—J. C. M.

•

On Aug. 11, a great many stars were shooting at 12 p.m. These I saw, as well as a friend of mine and his wife in the eastern sky.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

Did *they* see *you?*

TEE AND GREEN

Creavy at Providence—Pro Golf Levels Off—The Unknown Wins

THE P.G.A. has long been our favorite tournament. It isn't the most important tournament in the world but it is usually the most exciting. It is undoubtedly the hardest to win, though Hagen made it look easy for a while. It is the friendliest of the top-flight tournaments and at the same time the deadliest as far as rivalry goes. It is played by men who compete dozens of times in a year at medal play but whose competition never becomes actual and personal until this one event. Professional golfers are, as a class, great sportsmen. They have to be; that is their business. When one of them claims a hole from an opponent who has really halved, because the latter conceded himself a two-inch putt which the claimant did not concede, you know they are playing for something. Bill Melhorn did that to Abe Espinosa. Nobody blamed Melhorn. It was part of the game, a natural and proper action in the cut-throat competition, at match play, of men who make their living by the game.

THERE never has been a year in which the leaders were cut down so fast. The way they fell, and the way they have been splitting up important titles all year, with one pro looking like a wizard in some tournament and failing to qualify for the next, shows that professional golf has levelled off just like amateur golf since Jones' retirement. No one is cleaning up. If Burke had come through he would have established himself definitely as the year's big golfer, but Shute got him in spite of his steady game. Hagen was going well enough in midseason to play the rôle he likes best—that of dark horse. He was too dark. He didn't even show up in Providence until so late the day before things started that the rumor got around that he wasn't going to play. Maybe he should have been there; maybe he should have been practicing and worrying like the others. But anyone who knows him knows why he

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NASSAU
BY S. S. HOMERIC

"Don't give up the summer!"... that's the motto society has nailed to the mast... and that's why everyone (who's *anyone*) is already planning for this fashionable flight to the West Indies on the swanky Indian Summer Cruises of the great transatlantic liner *Homeric*. For summer roses are blooming in the Bahamas when chill winds whisper "Winter soon" to Park Avenue... and so...

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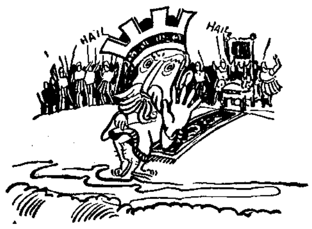
was late. He was trying to unnerve the rest with a characteristic gesture.

SOMEBODY named O'Hara beating Hagen, somebody named Foulis beating Farrell, somebody named Tom Creavy beating Sarazen—the pros have levelled off all right. For a while it looked as if the finalists were going to be Burke and Sarazen, but even if those two had made it they couldn't have put on a better match than the slim, desperately serious Shute, and the tall, willowy Creavy, who never even qualified for the P.G.A. until this year.

It's a funny thing about the "unknowns" who win golf championships. Unknowns don't win them. When a player whose name didn't register when you saw it in the first-round bracket comes through to the finals and you look up his record, you find nine times out of ten that he's done something before. Take Creavy. You've never heard of him? Well, you remember the Metropolitan P.G.A. three years ago, when Johnnie Farrell, playing on his home course in his best year, was put out by some kid of seventeen, a real unknown then? That was Creavy. The next year an unknown went to Knollwood to try to qualify for the P.G.A. tournament. As he was going to the eighteenth, he needed only a four for a sixty-eight. He took an eleven. That was Creavy. And two years ago a boy who had been assistant pro at Bonnie Briar left his job and started a business of his own. The business he started was one of those shanties embellished with a sign inviting motorists to drive golf balls for fifty cents a bucket. Occasionally a customer asked why he was slicing them, and a lanky youth with big hands came out of the shanty to show him. That was Creavy.

The gallery streamed out along the five-hundred-and-forty-three-yard par-five seventeenth at Wannamoisett. Down the fairway came Bobby Jones, who was refereeing the match, with Densmore Shute beside him. Shute had put out Armour and Burke on successive days. Today he had shot a seventy-five in the morning round, which included some brilliant golf. He had gone out in thirty-four, one under par, on the first nine in the afternoon, yet won back only one hole. He studied a putt thoughtfully, missed it, and came forward to congratulate the new Professional Golf Champion of the United States. That was Creavy.

—N. B., Jr.



"How Dare You Hail While I'm Reigning"

"Hail, Hail, our good King," yelled the merry villagers...It was at this point that old King Canute made the snappy comeback above..."I'm really here to wave the waves back"—the ocean paid absolutely no attention..."If I had time," stormed 'Nute, "I'd have it tied." Thus was evolved the famous old wisecrack; "Time and tide wait for no man."

Take time by the forelock yourself and come to Tebo. There's no yachtyard on the Atlantic Seaboard with more adequate facilities for the building, repair, overhaul or fitting-out of fine yachts than Tebo—and there are ample storage facilities, too!

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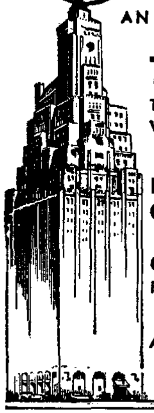

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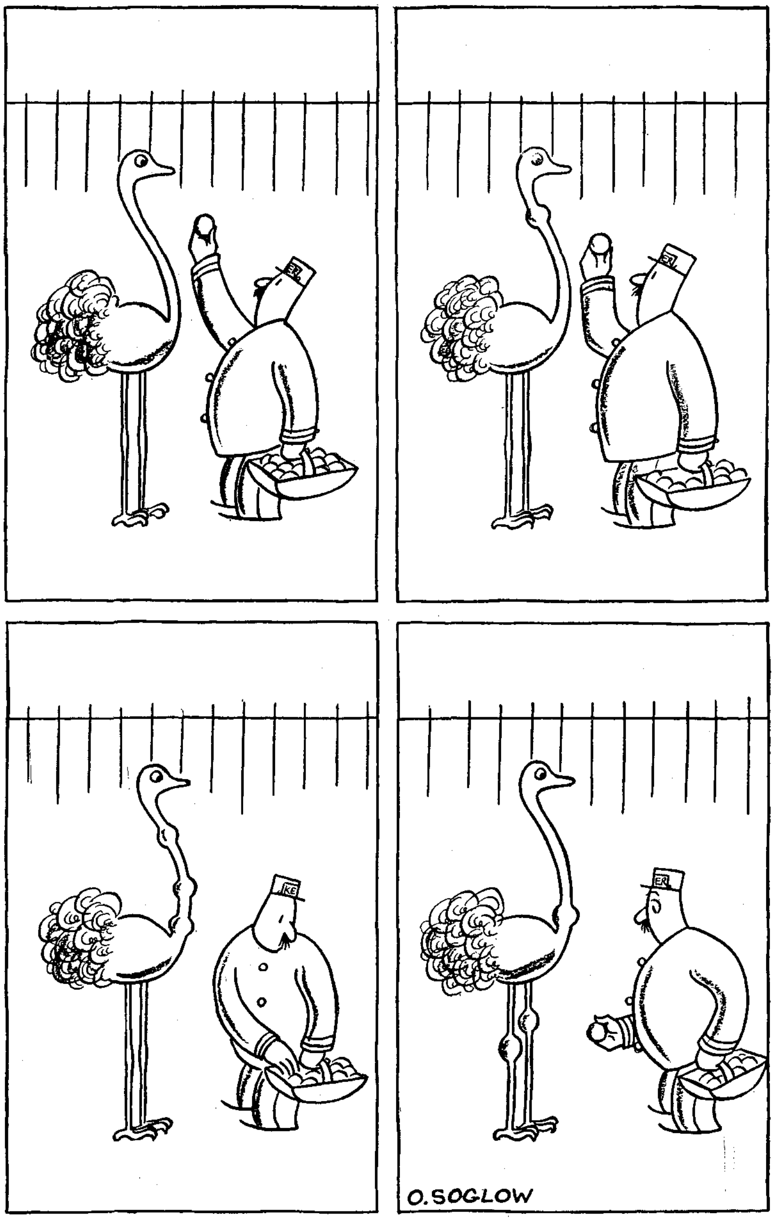
A REPORTER IN BED

I AM not really in bed, but am in the obstetrical ward of a hospital, feigning illness while secretly studying how a person gets to be an orderly. During my second month here, one of the house detectives crashed into the ward at 2:10 in the morning (5:20 Eastern Daylight Savings Time) and asked me in so many words whether I would like to borrow a book and I said who by and he said Theodore Dreiser and they gave me nux vomica in ½ glass of H_2O and the next afternoon my personal physician called on me through a mistake in identity and said I ought to be reading instead of breeding; of course he meant to say brooding, but is a born lyric writer. Anyway we had it back and forth and he finally persuaded me to brush up on sporting events, so I subscribed to a weekly publication called THE NEW YORKER (the former Mrs. Eileen Nutting Hall) and a morning metropolitan daily not owned by Captain Patterson or Colonel Hearst or Corporal Ochs.



IN THE NEW YORKER's issue of August 29, I slept through an article titled the wayward press and it was signed by Guy Fawkes. This gave me a laugh because I have a droll recollection of meeting the author on a week-end tour aboard a Staten Island ferry boat (the former Mrs. Helen Jacobs Moody Bennett) and before the evening was over he was calling me Guy and I was calling him Bob. If I were not in a hospital, I should dub the whole incident a Fawkes Pass, but the nurses are very careful. (The Fawkes Pass in football was originated by Ty Cobb in 1893 Eastern Daylight Savings Time, or am I getting mixed up?)

Mr. Fawkes' article contained several direct quotations from persons prominent in the daily papers and he somehow gave the impression that he did not believe the quotations authentic. This was a shock to me in my condition, so I turned to my daily paper and read a testimonal written by Wilbert Robinson (the former Bill McGeehan, manager of the recent Brooklyn ball club and invented by Ty Cobb in 1886) for an insurance company which I wish I could forget the name of, but they won't let you.

Leave me quote briefly: "Investing money on a definite set Plan (the capitals are Wilbert's) with a guarantee of safety, should have a wide (the wide is Wilbert's) appeal at this time among those who have surplus money." Who? (The last who is mine.)

The instant I read that, I said to myself, "Why, it's Robbie all over," and when you say Robbie all over, you are not talking in building lots.

"Robbie" is my nickname for Wilbert and I gave it to him the year Ty Cobb waved Rube Waddell in from the outfield and made him sit under a cranberry tree while he struck out Crawford, Rossman, and Pink Hawley of the old Pittsburgh Brave Sox. Every time I meet Connie Mack, I recall this incident to him and we have a hearty laugh at the expense of William Wrigley, Jr., who said a few weeks ago that he should like to get rid of Hack Wilson, but of course would not take steps without the approval of President Veeck and Manager Hornsby, adhering to his policy of non-interference as exhibited a year ago when he figuratively knelt down at the heels of Bill and Rogers and begged them to let him release Joe McCarthy.

Mr. Wrigley's fondness for Hack was brought on by the former's discovery that the latter had once been caught drinking a Capone cocktail that frothed at the mouth. He (the present Mr. Wrigley) might have paraphrased Fred Astaire's line in "I Love Louisa" and made it read "Beer goes very bum with gum."

I TOLD my personal physician (have any of you boys ever met my impersonal physician?) that I had brushed up sufficiently on sporting events to write about them. He (doctors have a keen sense of humor) advised that I try myself out by writing a check. We chuckled over this, but I convinced him I was in earnest, so he said write a few items and mail them to the sporting editor of THE NEW YORKER and I said I knew they didn't have one because I had read the issue of August 15 which contained an article entitled "A Reporter at Large" and dealt chiefly with baseball and mentioned the

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". . . Just fed up with classmates on trips to town. Always loop me in to fix up their theatre benders and spend dull evenings with them."

"Ho, blunderbuss. Don't you know the way out yet? We all used to suffer thus. Now we give 'em a telephone number and tell 'em to shift for themselves without a nurse. Bascom, just above 44th, you know . . ."

. . . and branches at The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy-Plaza, Vanderbilt, Commodore, Pierre, Astor, St. Regis

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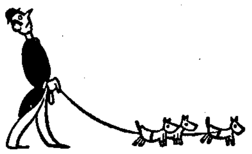
crisp December day when Rube Waddell called in all four umpires and told them he had been on a duck shooting trip; that Ty Cobb invented the hit-and-run play, "the most daring and subtle maneuver ever introduced into the game;" that the same Ty invented the hook slide; that when Neal Ball made his triple play unassisted, the fans of the nation went wild (Oh, baby, was I wild!); that Babe Ruth can play any position on the field (Dan Howley was in a tantrum all this last season because Cincinnati would not buy the left-handed Babe to fill in at third base, second base, or shortstop); that Babe's throwing arm is the best in either league; and "the action of walloping bats and screaming hits — is a gaudier thing to watch than the mental processes of a shortstop a hundred yards away out on the field" (Williams, or Boley, you better not have your mental processes in those bleachers; Simmons' dogs get calloused enough without his being obliged to rush in and cover that bag).

DARLING, I am growing old and living in the far distant past. I remember, I remember when my father used to take me from Niles, Mich. (Central Standard Time), to Chicago to see ball games. I was six years old then; Ty Cobb was five. We weren't very chummy in those days—I mean Ty and I, not my father and me.

In my bouquet of memories, as the song-writer has it (and let him keep it), is a vision of a little fellow named Willie Keeler who must have read Ty's text book on the hit-and-run play and profited by his reading, but I met him fifteen years later on in his life (to say nothing of mine) and from talks with him, I don't believe he appreciated the fact that he was accomplishing, to the great discomfiture of Griffith, Terry, Friend, et al., the most delicate and subtle maneuver ever introduced into the game. There is also a vision of a man the size of eight Keelers, a man by the name of Bill Lange, who hook-slided so definitely that defensive second basemen and shortstops began pretending that they had been put out of the game by the umpire. This man is on the verge of sixty, living in San Francisco, and my principal reason for wishing I lived there, too (provided he wouldn't challenge me to a dancing contest).



OH, well, when a writer gets old, he gets tedious, so let's wind it up as soon as we can. I just want to tell you of a play that Ty did invent—a subtle maneuver of sliding into a base, kicking the ball out of the baseman's hands, and jumping up and going to the next base—all in one graceful motion that completely baffled the umpires.

He told me once (you think I am bragging, but I do know him) that the only two infielders who could tag him with any degree of consistency were Lee Tannehill, third baseman of the Chicago White Sox, and Bobby Wallace, shortstop of the St. Louis Browns. He also told me that the toughest pitcher he ever had to hit against was Ed Walsh (the toughest mechanically), but the toughest mental battles he ever had were with Doc White, who, said Ty, always pitched you what you knew he wouldn't.

Can you imagine Ty stealing bases these days? It is a silly habit. What you do is get to first base and be patient and pretty soon somebody will hit a pop fly over the right-field fence, where first base used to be, and you can walk around ahead of him.

In my stupid opinion, Max Carey was the master of the base stealers. Perhaps he couldn't run as fast as Ty, but he wasn't thrown out as often. (Some one will have to look up the statistics.) But do you know that Harry Sallee never threw to first base to hold up a runner? Max knew it. And do you know that Honus Wagner never took the trouble to tag a prospective base stealer, but just went through the motions and usually got the umpire's decision?

What I really started out to say was this: Is the reporter still at large?

—RING LARDNER

•

APOSTROPHE TO A SPARROW LOAFING OUTSIDE MY OFFICE WINDOW

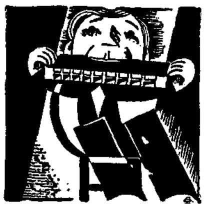
Please tell me just one reason why
A sparrow should elect to fly
Up to the thirteenth floor. I do
Not know what birds are coming to.

This is an office, foolish bird.
Can't you imagine how absurd
It sounds to stage a chirping session
Right in the midst of this depression?

—MARGARET FISHBACK

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

A Bird's-Ear View of the Shows—Herr Stolz



AS usual, the "Scandals" score is a mess of hits. "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries" ("don't take it serious—it's so mysterious") and "This Is the Missus" probably will get around fastest, but "My Song" is more than a secondary success, and there are other titbits that may become serious, but they're mysterious. "Free for All" contains a deal of music that deviates from formula and bears repetition. "Not That I Care" is my first choice, and there ought to be plenty of customers for "When Your Boy Becomes a Man." The "Vanities" sound track includes the most distinguished item in any current offering; it is M. Ravel's "Bolero." Otherwise, the score is acutely undistinguished, although there's a pretty grotesque in "Let's Talk About the Weather."

The earlier arrivals all have useful melodies. The "Follies" music does not, as you may have been led to believe, consist exclusively of "Shine On, Harvest Moon." "Do the New York" is something that will start more radio programs than anything else now on the boards, and there are viable languors in "Sunny Southern Smile." The "Third Little Show" has "You Forgot Your Gloves" and the rhapsody to Yuba. "Shoot the Works!" provides "Poor Little Doorstep Baby," and that handsome excoriation of greeters, "How's Your Uncle?"

ROBERT STOLZ, whose "Zwei Herzen" has completed something like a decade at the Europa Theatre, also is available in "Shoot the Works!," with "Don't Ask Me Why," previously noted here as the theme air of the film "Das Lied Ist Aus." Another Stolz film, "Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien," provides "I Only Love One," which is recommended to local waltz-contrivers for study, and still another effective importation from the same studio is "Baby, Save Your Tears." Suggestion to publishers: Look up "Wienerin," from Stolz' romance, "Es War Einmal." No charge.

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PURSE. lady s black leather. contained keys, vanity, auto license, also a quantity of A.B.A. Cheques and some cash; about noon yesterday, probably in upper Broad Street store; reward Telephone Broad 6843.

WALLET, containing papers, driving license; valuable to owner only, rew

Her lost purse was never returned—but she got back the $120 which was in A. B. A. Cheques. She had only to report their loss to the bank across the street and the refund was paid in a few days.

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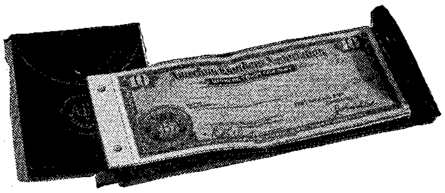

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the fine old gentlemen who whisper) seems to be responsible for a revival in heavy-handed torcheries, such as "I Apologize," "You Call It Madness," and the universal "Just One More Chance." There also is a market for light amorosities, of which "I'm Keepin' Company" is an especially able representative.

FOR homework at the piano, you might inspect:

It's the Girl. A fine, bouncing melody, with surprisingly normal lyrics.
Do You Think a Little Drink'll Do Us Any Harm? No.
Lady of Spain. Pretty nearly Spanish music, but what words!
Waitin' for a Call from You. A neat and expert version of telephonic nostalgia.
Sweet and Lovely. One of the best tunes of the season, although there is an awkward modulation. (As though you cared!)
If I Have to Go on without You. A juicy slice of emotion.
Now that You're Gone. Elaborately "close" harmony, and immensely effective.
I'm Falling in Love. Pretty, jingly, and handy for intimate confidences.
Just Another Love Affair. A highly expert *étude* in unrequited yens.
Whoa Emma! A capital revival, with a modernized interpretation by Dr. Spaeth for good measure.
Pardon Me, Pretty Baby. The best of the newer "pick-up" songs.

—Pop

•

THOUGHTS ON THE CAVALIER POETS

[AT THE CORNER OF FIFTY-SEVENTH AND LEXINGTON]

Lovelace never spent his teens
Upon a thoroughfare to Queens,
And, written to the sounds of blasting,
Suckling's lines might be less lasting.
Waller wasn't driven daft
By honking automotive craft,
Nor can I think that rivetting
Inspired Crashaw's thoughts on spring.
The rumble of the subway train
Was never dinned in Herbert's brain;
And when he penned that charming note
To Julia's silken petticoat,
It's more than probable that Herrick
Wasn't gazing at a derrick.

—Parke Cummings

•

Harry Richman, however, presented Virginia Biddle with a lovely bracelet which is inscribed "My Dearest," the "My" in diamonds and the "Dearest" in rubies, sapphires, diamonds, turquoises, amethysts and emeralds.—*The Daily Mirror.*

That ought to remind her whose dearest she is!

YOUR TASTE-BUDS BURST INTO FULL BLOOM ◆◆

at the approach of BLUE MOON SPREADS. (Cheese . . . Plus) . . . Scientists insist that we appreciate good things to eat via little jiggers in our mouths and noses called "taste-buds." Whatever name you give them is not important, providing you give your grocer the right name for Cheese Spreads...BLUE MOON...BLUE MOON is the right name because it is the only name for that new and better interpretation of cheese, blending just enough sharp old cheese with just enough rich new cream to give just enough of a thrill to your taste-buds.

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NANCY AND MR. ZINZINDORF

"WHAT do you want to drink, baby?"

"Oh . . . oh, I don't know. What are you drinking? I'll drink what you're drinking. I don't take more than three anyhow."

"You don't? Sure you do. But we won't argue. . . . Waiter! Joe! Two Stingers and how about putting some crème de menthe in these for a change?"

"You go to college, don't you?"

"College? No, Lord no, I don't go to college."

"I bet you do. I can always tell a college fella. You don't have to lie to me. I know you went to college, and I bet you still do. Yale. Do you go to Yale?"

"No."

"Columbia? I know some boys at Columbia. They live in a fraternity house. Maybe you know them. One is named—"

"No, I didn't go to Columbia. I didn't go to college anywhere. I went to a school, though."

"What school? Where'd you go to school? It must be New York because your car had a New York license and it isn't Christmas, so you're not home on vacation, so it must be in New York. See?"

"You're a regular Philo Vance, aren't you?"

"What's that?"

"What's what?"

"What's a Philo Vance?"

"Why, uh, it's an instrument they have to tell if you're telling lies."

"Oh, yes; I heard of that. I saw a picture of it in the paper. A fella said he didn't kill somebody and they thought he did, so they put this Philovance on him and it showed he *did* kill the fella. Is that where you heard about it too? It was in the *News*."

"No, I haven't seen a *News* for days."

"Oh, this was over a year ago. But I always remember things. Like your auto license. I could tell you right now the number of your auto license. See? And do you know how I could tell you went to college?"

"Nope."

"WELL, I'll tell you. About a month ago I happened to be walking along West End Avenue, like tonight, and a fella came along in a car—"

"Like tonight?"

"Uh-huh. Just like tonight. And he looked like a nice fella so I got in and told him where I lived—"

"Like tonight."

"Uh-huh. And he took me to a speakeasy. He said it was early. Just like tonight, the way you did. *And*, when we were going to *leave*, *he* said to the fella that *owned* the place: 'Hey, Tony, how about a bottle of crème de menthe?' and he said it exactly the same way you did. Crème de menthe. I always used to call it 'cream de minth' and I asked this fella when we got out in the car and he said that was the way you pronounce it. And *that* fella goes to Columbia and takes French lessons."

"Uh-huh."

"So that's how I put two and two together and decided you go to college. Oh, I could of told anyway by your clothes. I like the clothes college fellas wear. You know, I like things good. I'd rather have one of a thing and have it good than a lot of cheap things."

"Uh-huh."

"Oh yes, every time. I paid fifteen for a pair of shoes last week. The week before last, that is. Was yesterday Saturday? Yes. A week ago yesterday. That is, the week before last. Fifteen for a pair of shoes. And *you* know I can't afford things that cost as much as that."

"Oh yes, I know. But you like things good?"

"Oh absolutely, Mr.—why say, I don't even know your name."

"Zinzindorf. Eddie Zinzindorf."

"Zinzadorf? That's a funny name. How do you spell it? Or *do* you spell it? Gee, I'd sneeze it, ha ha ha."

"Haw haw. Just sneeze it."

"No, but really, Mr. Zinzadorf, have you got a card, a name card? I always like to remember things and I can't be sure unless I see it written out or in a picture."

"Well, I haven't got a card but I'll print it for you if you like." . . .

"Thanks. Z-i-n-z-i-n-d-o-r-f. Oh yes. Zinzindorf. Now I have it. Zinzindorf. Zinzindorf. That's German, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh."

"I GUESS it's not so funny in Germany, only here it does sound funny, you gotta admit that. You didn't ask me my name."

"Why no, I didn't, did I? What is your name?"

"Nancy Murphy. That's a good Swedish name, isn't it, ha ha ha?"

"Haw haw, you bet."

"Seriously, though, it isn't Nancy. It's just Anna, but I go by Nancy and all my girl friends call me Nancy. Not when they come to see me at home, though, because that makes my father awful mad to hear them call me Nancy. My mother, she don't mind but my father, oh he raises the dickens. He says it's putting on airs. Do you think it's putting on airs to make your name more distinguished?"

"Hell no."

"But my father. Tst. You never saw anybody like my father."

"I'll bet."

"What? What you say, Mr. Zinzindorf?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, I thought you said something. . . . What was I saying? Oh, yes. About my father. He's in the cops, you know. A policeman, and how he hates it if you put on airs. You know he never puts on any airs himself and naturally, why he hates to see anybody else doing it, specially in his own family. So all my girl friends, when they come to the house they make sure to call me Anna or Ann. Never Nancy. . . . Oh, my goo'ness, it's quarter after eleven. I oughta be going home, Mr. Zinzindorf. Do you mind taking me home?"

"Not at all. Do you want another drink?"

"Why, uh, yes, if you want one. Just one more and we'll go, because tomorrow's Monday and I have to be up in time for work."

"O.K., baby. . . . Joe, two more crème de menthe." . . .

"Oh, Mr. Zinzindorf. You shouldn't do that. You oughta at least wait till we get out in the car. If we go now maybe you can come in the house for a little while. They'll all be in bed."

—JOHN O'HARA

•

CLERK OF WALKER SOUGHT IN GOTHAM
—*Headline in the Washington Star.*

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BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

The Evils of Drink

I'VE often felt it was time we all stopped and gave thought to where prohibition is leading us; and now Upton Sinclair has been good enough to do the thinking for us. Having, in previous years, canvassed such problems as coal-mining, the stockyards, newspapers, and the public-school situation, he now offers "The Wet Parade," published by Farrar & Rinehart, a novelized treatise on the good old liquor question. I must say, too, that, all things considered, I thought it a very good treatise indeed. For one thing, in spite of the stiffness of the homiletic method applied to fiction, he makes the story itself very readable. For another, though an acknowledged dry himself, he manages to keep his point of view fairly impartial, and looks with a more nearly equal eye on both sides of the problem than most would have been able to do.

The plot is simple enough. You've Roger Chilcote and Maggie May, his sister, both children of a Louisiana planter who is slowly ruining himself with drinking and gambling, in the accepted manner of Southern gentlemen. The children grow up, and the father commits suicide, at about the beginning of the war (not the Civil War, of course: this last one), but the family tragedy affects them in different fashions.

Roger has been away at school most of his life. He finds his father's death very sad, but reads no moral in it; anyway, he's a poet, and consequently is fond of reciting Anacreontics in praise of the flowing bowl. Maggie May, on the other hand, has stayed home, and since she'd always been her father's favorite child, the duty had devolved on her of keeping him as much as possible in order. She'd seen, then, the progress and the end of an alcoholic case, and had developed, even in childhood, an ineradicable phobia about drinking.

With this background, both arrive, at the outset of prohibition, in New York. Roger's books, and his love affairs as well, become talked about overnight. He has genius; he has also a gift for success, and the one obscures the other, at least in his own eyes. Moreover, he likes people, and he soon discovers that, to be popular, you've got to drink. Roger gets in pretty much of a mess, writing bitter things one minute because his last piece has been such a howling success, and then hastily doing another more in the popular vein because his sales on the previous one have dropped off; and meanwhile drinking, drinking.

Maggie May marries a serious young fellow whose father also was a drinking man and has been a lesson to him; he gets a job as assistant overseer on the Long Island estate of a wealthy but distant relative; quits because he has to testify in court that the man is dabbling in big-scale bootlegging to bolster up his banking activities, and using his private beach for landing parties; goes to work in the Enforcement Bureau; and is, eventually, killed by a bootlegger. Maggie May becomes a prohibition lecturer, with the story of her father's downfall as her stock speech, and a crusade of women against rum as her aim.

WELL, then, there's your plot, and you must admit that it covers every aspect of the question. I've said it's quite good reading and I still say it. Mr. Sinclair has an undeniable gift for making his characters credibly incredible. It's his enthusiasm for them that does it, I imagine; anyway, you know they're only put there to illustrate the processes of his argument, and the patness of their adventures doesn't worry you.

I've also said it's very fair, and so it is, with one concession. To be sure, he argues a little too much by extremes. Hardly anyone touches liquor without becoming a confirmed drunkard (though I did note that Roger, in spite of his awful failing, was only described as being really tight two or three times in the whole course of the book, which seemed to me a pretty good record for a successful young poet). On the other hand, he pictures Maggie May, traipsing around telling family secrets to large audiences and growing harsh and intolerant of her gayer friends, as being quite as horrible an example as her reckless brother. He sees us all, in short, as being in pretty much of a plight over prohibition. The conclusion—which, though presented in the form of an address by Maggie May, apparently echoes his own belief—is that prohibition itself is a worthy measure: the trouble is that people are too stubborn to try it.

His view of the situation, of course, is fair enough, as everyone knows. To justify his argument, however, one has to make one great concession, as I've said, and it is his failure to emphasize this point that detracts enormously from the validity of the book. One must recognize that prohibition is primarily an industrial regulation and follows necessarily on the theory that the person who doesn't do his full quota of work menaces society; and one must concede that theory as axiomatic. This doctrine that the state owns the right to make you work is stated outright only in Russia, but is beginning to be tacitly accepted everywhere. By it alone can one justify, not only Mr. Sinclair's book (with its fussing over whether or not Roger gets his writing done and its general lament that drinking destroys a man's usefulness in the world), but the whole set of ideas deriving from it. I'm sorry to have gone on so, but, as I said, I've long felt we ought to pause and think where prohibition is leading us.

SINCE I've talked so much about one of their books, I may be permitted to ask the publishers, Farrar & Rinehart, a question. What, exactly, is their idea in giving their address, on title pages, as "On Murray Hill, New York"? Do they wish to give out-of-town book-buyers the impression that their offices are located on a wooded knoll, overlooking the rest of Manhattan? Or is it merely to lend a sort of tone that a street and number would not convey? Either way, it seems pretty silly to me.

BUT what am I going to do about all these other books? I read "Perhaps Women," by Sherwood Anderson, published by Liveright, and found it so vaguely contrived, so fumblingly phrased, that I still don't know what the author is getting at. For a man who wrote with such precision and clarity in his earlier years, Mr. Anderson has come to a strange pass: he crams the simplest occurrence so full of cosmic significance that he ends by bursting it and scattering it unrecognizably all over the page. This one appears to be about the Dance of the Machines, especially with Woman as a partner. "Panama," a translation by John Dos Passos of a group of poems by Blaise Cendrars, published by Harper, is, on the other hand, so gloriously what "Perhaps Women" isn't that I'm sure one could find a moral in the two if one troubled to look for it. Cendrars wrote his book some fifteen years ago, and if you read it and then Mr. Anderson's you can't help but feel that the world is growing old before its time. Better read "Panama" alone, and get a sense of rejuvenation.

I ALSO enjoyed "Penhally," by Caroline Gordon, published by Scribner, a densely woven novel of the old days in the South as against the new. Another I'd recommend is "Around the World in Eight Days," by Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, published by Rand, McNally. It's the story of their recent flight, but don't let that scare you. They apparently wrote it themselves, and there's therefore nothing secondhand about it—really rather exciting reading. —R. M. C.

•

BIRTHS

August 6—To Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bee (Geraldene H. Jacob), a daughter, Barbara Jean.

August 7—To Mr. and Mrs. R. Noble Wetherbee (Hazel Jones) of Jacksonville, Ill., a daughter, Martha Noble.

August 7—To Mr. and Mrs. William J. Ulrich (Hazel Joens), a daughter, Mary Louise.

August 8—To Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bee (Geraldine H. Jacob), a daughter, Barbara Jean.

August 8—To Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bee (Geraldine H. Jacob), Great Neck, Long Island, a daughter, Susan Shepard.—*Detroit Free Press.*

They never should have got those girls started!

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OCTOBER 1
(Thursday)

IT *was* a good summer, wasn't it? A bit warm in spots, but on the whole mighty pleasant.

But it's over now—all but the moonlit memories. *And* a photograph! Yes, my Gallant Sir, She *was* a little darling. But, Man, the telephone is right there beside you. Ten-to-one She's sighing and pining for a sight of you this very minute.

And as for you, you Beautiful Lady ... when that Gallant Knight of yours does call, don't you dare act casual! Remember, it's a long time between summers. Pin Him down! Tell Him about that *divine* dance floor at the Roosevelt Grill ... about Guy the suave ... Guy the inimitable ... Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadian orchestra. Yes, they'll be ushering in another gay, romantic season on the night of October 1. And thereafter, they'll be looking for you two on Saturday afternoons for tea dancing, or weekday evenings during dinner, and for supper after the theatre.

You know, you'd hardly recognize our Grill. We've trimmed and polished and prettied and preened it just for you. It's as different and new and chic as those little hats you're wearing this fall.

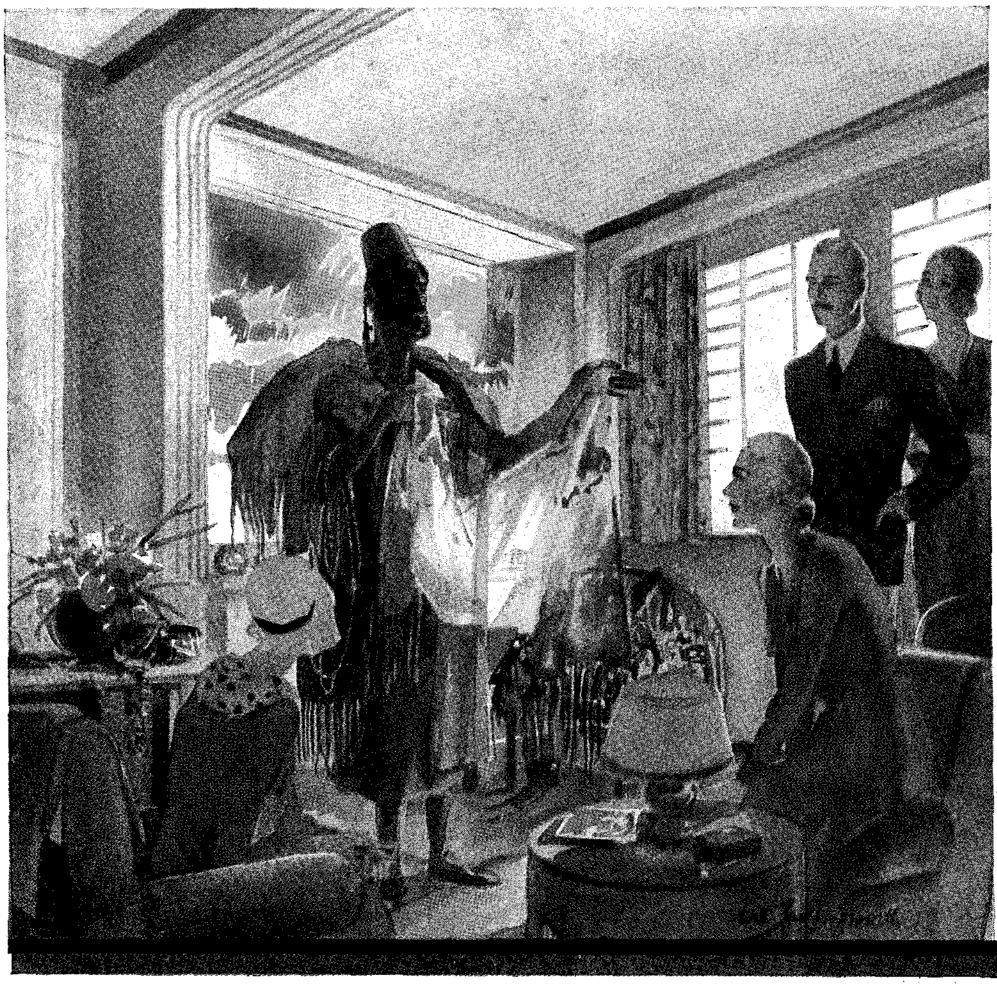
To you and your Gallant Knight—*welcome!*

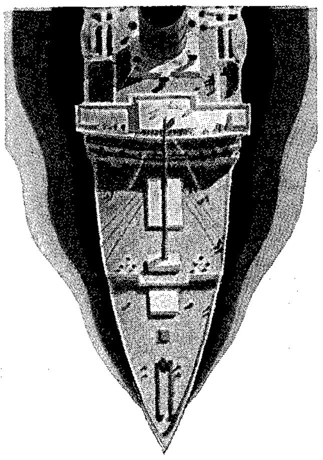
The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street

Edward Clinton Fogg — Managing Director

UNITED HOTELS





THE
CRUISE TRIUMPHANT

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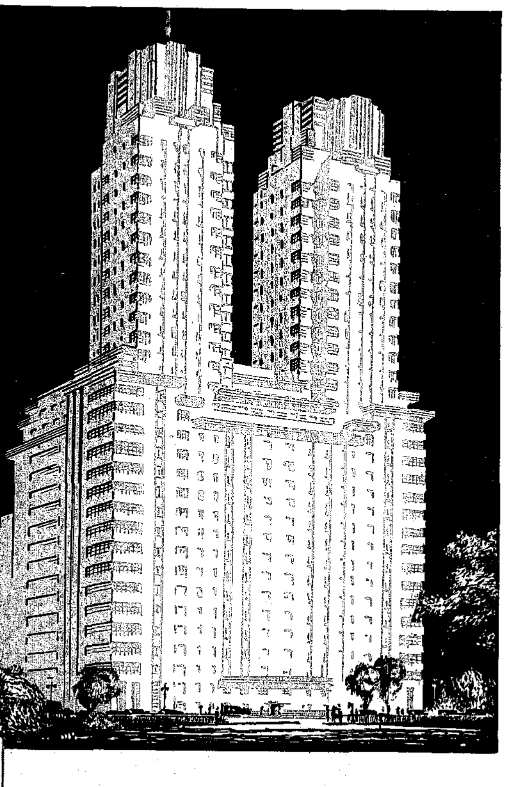

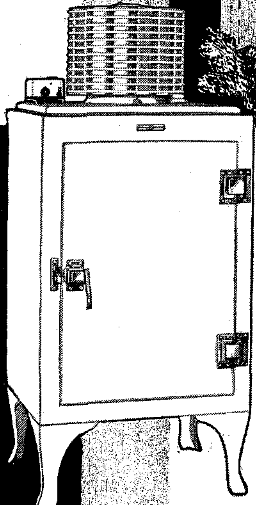

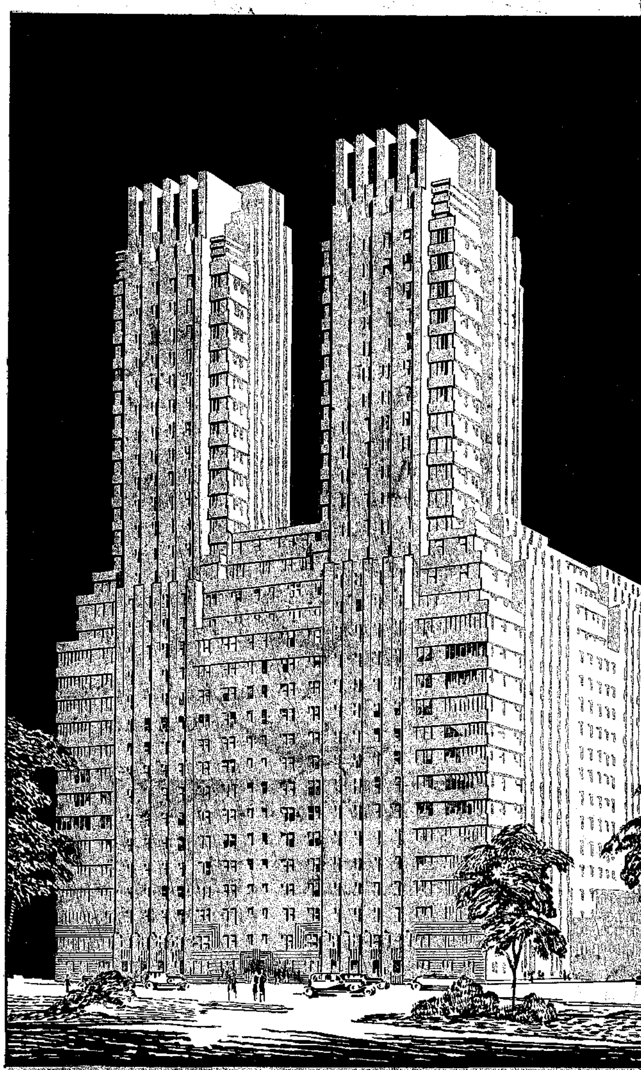

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